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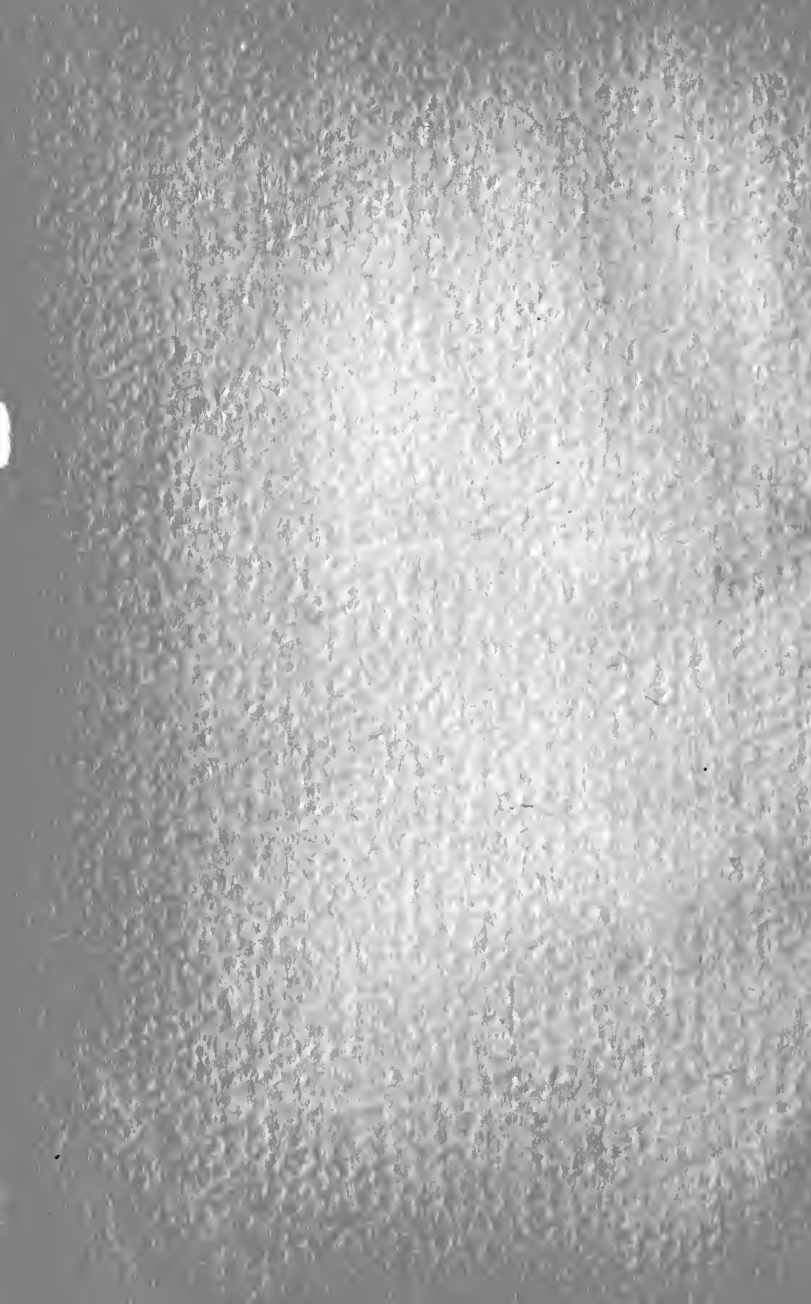


Newport Illustrated

and

Dictionary of Newport.

C. E. HAMMETT, JR.,
PUBLISHER,
202 THAMES STREET
NEWPORT, R. I.



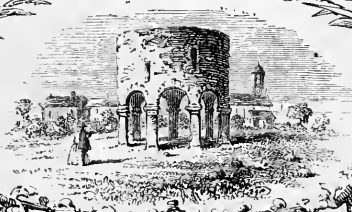




NEWPORT ILLUSTRATED

BY SKETCHES
WITH
PEN AND CAMERA.

WITH A
DICTIONARY
OF
NEWPORT.



C. E. HAMMETT, JR., Publisher,
NEWPORT, R. I.

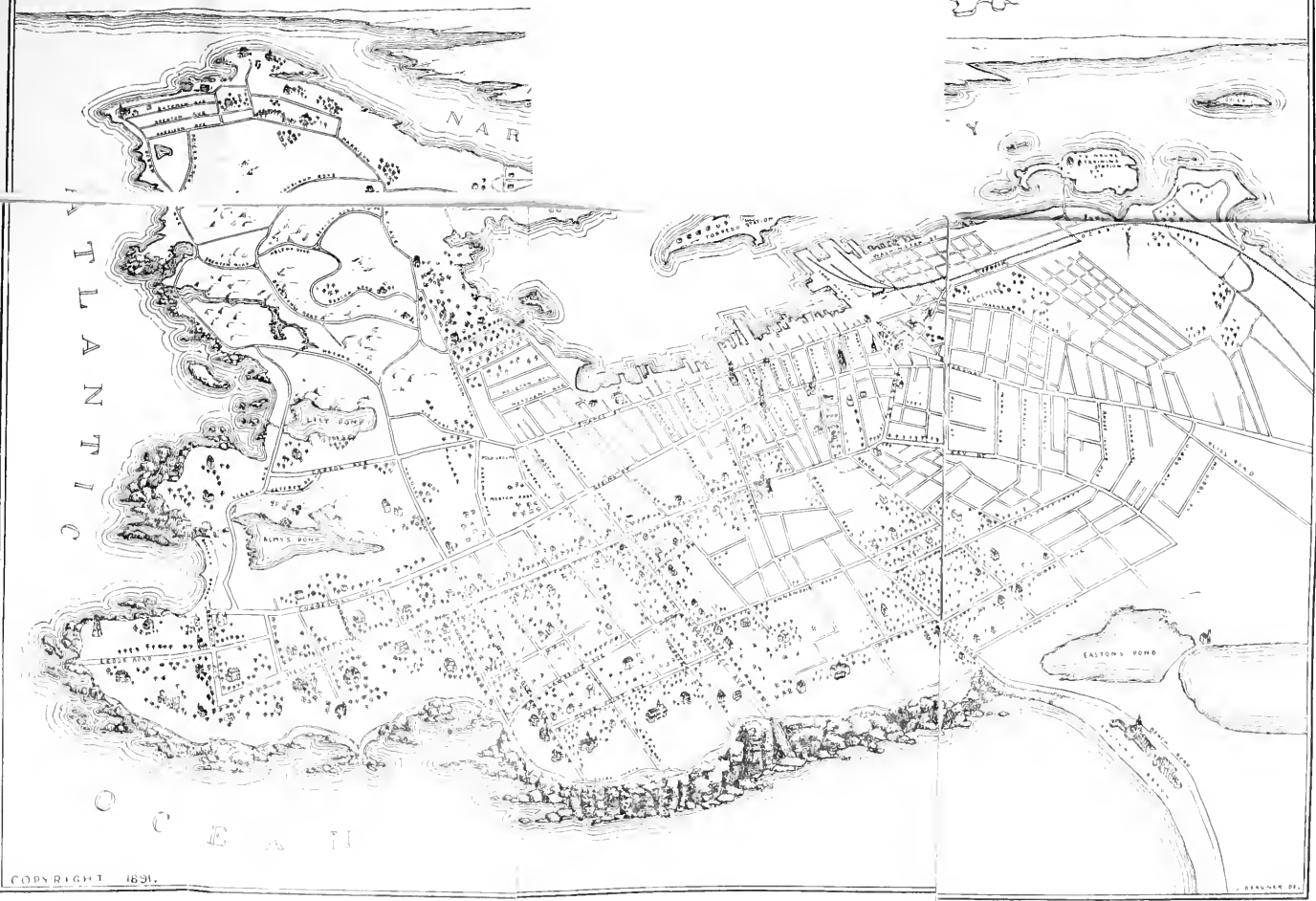


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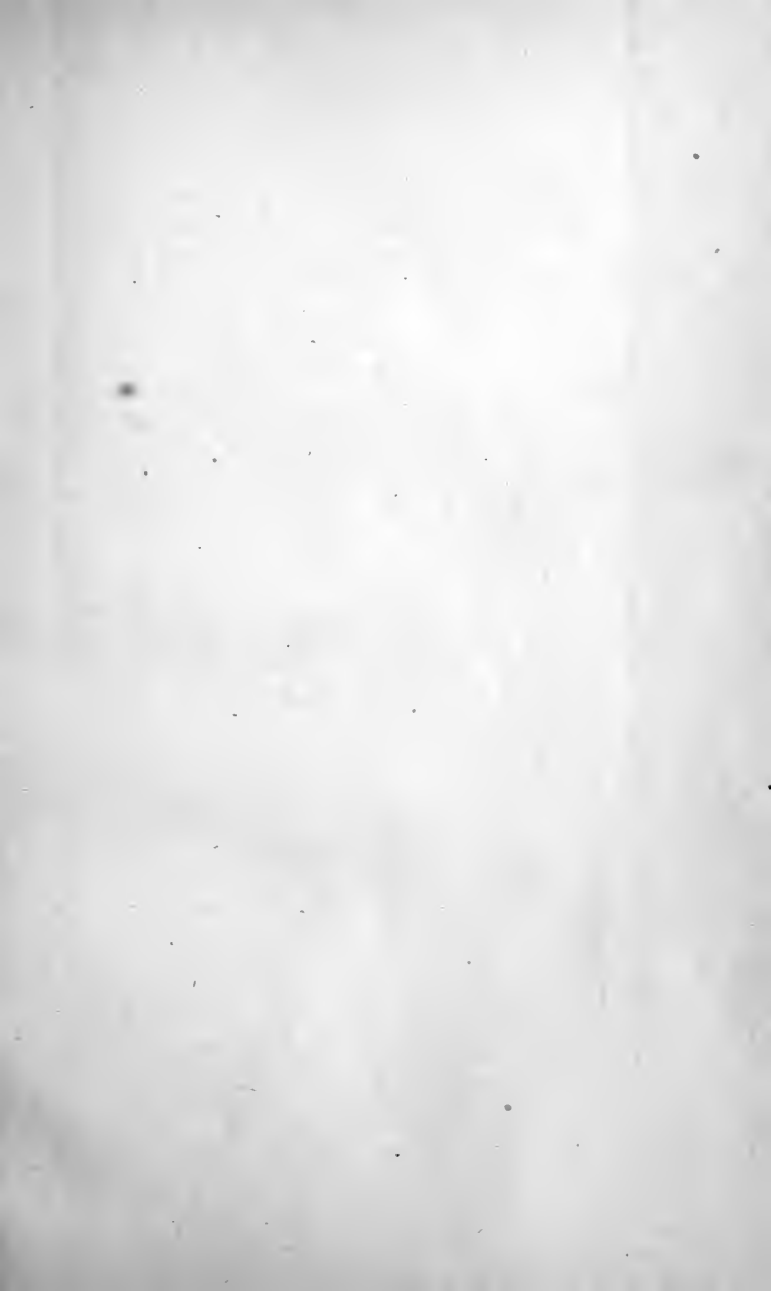
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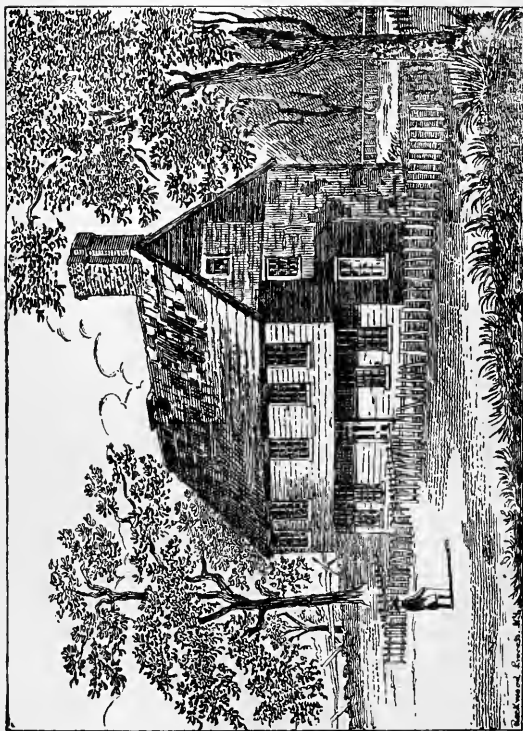
J. STUBBS DEL.



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RESIDENCE OF GOV. CODDINGTON, NEWPORT, R. I., 1641.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY HISTORY OF NEWPORT.

IN 1638, Governor Coddington, having associated himself with seventeen others, purchased Aquidneck—"Isle of Peace"—of the Indian sachems, in his own name as agent. The company immediately took possession of the island, and settled on its northern extremity, where they proposed establishing a colony. A town was regularly laid out, and called Pocasset—now known as Portsmouth. The colony prospered, and during the following summer search was made for a more favorable location, which resulted in the selection of the south-western extremity of the island, now known as Newport. The following spring a part of the colony moved to the new site, laid out the principal streets, and commenced the erection of houses. At a subsequent date, the island, by order of the General Court, was called the "Isle of Rhodes," or Rhode Island, on account of its great resemblance to the beautiful Isle of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

Newport is beautifully situated on a hill sloping gently to the harbor on the west. It is laid out with some degree of regularity; the principal streets running north and south, and crossed at right angles. The ancient part of the city is compact; that of recent date is open and tastefully arranged. The inner harbor is formed by the Town on the east, the Neck on the south, terminating in Brenton's Point; Goat Island on the west, with an opening to the north and also to the south-west. The outer harbor comprises that portion of Narragansett Bay lying between Rhode Island on the east and the island of Conanicut on the west, opening to the ocean on the south, and to the north running into Providence River. The entrance to the harbor is two miles in width, twenty-nine fathoms in depth, and in only one instance has it been closed by ice since the first settlement.

On the breaking out of the Revolution, great numbers of the inhabitants left the Island; and during the summer and fall of 1776, Newport remained in a distressed condition, without commerce, without defense, except a few guns at Brenton's Point, and with a prostration of business of all kinds. The British fleet arrived, and the troops took possession of the town, and remained three years. During their stay Newport was under martial law. Before leaving, they destroyed four hundred and eighty buildings of various classes, burned the lighthouse at Beaver Tail, cut down all the ornamental and fruit trees, broke up nearly all the wharves, and the places of public worship, with two exceptions, were used as riding schools and stables. The State House they turned into a

hospital. The church bells, with one exception—a present from Queen Anne—the machinery from the distilleries, and the Town Records, were carried off to New York; and when at length they evacuated the place, the wells were filled up, and as much property as possible destroyed, by order of the British commander.

The British army quartered on the town numbered 8,000 English and Hessians. They encamped in summer, but in winter forced themselves into the houses of the inhabitants.

From 1778 to the time that the island was evacuated, contributions were constantly made by States, towns, parishes, religious societies, companies and individuals, for the benefit of the sufferers at Newport. The State granted one hundred and sixty cords of wood, then worth twenty silver dollars a cord, and £1,000 to the poor. Old houses were torn down and one ship broken up, for fuel. So great was the demand for food, that corn brought four silver dollars a bushel, and half that sum was demanded for the same quantity of potatoes.

During the stay of the British there were always vessels of war in attendance, numbering, at times, as many as seventy men-of-war and transports; and when the French fleet, under Count D'Estaing, appeared off the coast, the British destroyed many ships to prevent their falling into the hands of the French. The Lark, Orpheus, Juno, Ceberius, Kingfisher, Grand Turk and others were burned, two galleys were blown up, the Flora sunk, and fifteen large transports scattered and sunk in the outer harbor; while the Falcon

sloop-of-war and thirty armed vessels were sunk in the inner harbor.

The British evacuated in 1779. At that time the population of the Town was reduced from 12,000 to 4,000. After the troops left, the Town was used for cartels between New York and the New England States. Many of the inhabitants returned, but it was generally the poorer class, which only increased the distress. Efforts were shortly made to restore the commerce, and a few privateers were sent out, which brought in many prizes; but owing to the exposed situation of the place, and the long period it had been in the possession of the British, other towns, with fewer natural advantages, took the lead in commercial enterprise.

We have no statistics to which we can refer for facts connected with the commerce of Newport; the Town having been literally sacked by the British, and all the valuable documents destroyed or carried off. But there is yet data extant that must be taken as evidence of her early commercial relations, and the high position of her merchants, until they were ruined or scattered by the war. Probably on no spot in the colonies was there concentrated more individual opulence, learning and science, than in Newport. In architectural taste and costly structures, she was unsurpassed; and was styled the emporium of fashion, refinement and taste. Her seamen were bold and hardy, and first carried the whaling business as far as the Falkland Islands. Her manufactures were highly esteemed throughout the country and the West Indies, and the remains of her extensive distilleries are still

visible in various parts of the Town. Of these distilleries there were upwards of thirty, erected at great expense. To supply them with molasses, a fleet of vessels was constantly employed between Newport and the West Indies; and at this time the seamen of the port numbered twenty-two hundred.

The following facts in regard to the trade of Newport in her palmy days, 1764, are set forth in a protest against the Sugar Act.

“Of the foreign vessels, one hundred and fifty are annually employed in the West India trade, which import into this colony about fourteen thousand hogsheads of molasses, whereof a quantity, not less than twenty-five hundred hogsheads, is from English islands. It is this quantity of molasses which serves as an engine in the hands of the merchant to effect the great purpose of paying for British manufactures; for a part of it is exported to the Massachusetts Bay, to New York and Pennsylvania, to pay for British goods, for provisions, and many articles which compose our West India cargoes; and part to other colonies, southward of these last mentioned, for such commodities as serve for a remittance immediately to Europe, such as rice, naval stores, &c., or such as are necessary to enable us to carry on our commerce. The remainder, (besides what is consumed by the inhabitants,) is distilled into rum, and exported to Africa.”

Dr. Waterhouse, in an article published in 1824, entitled “Medical Literature of Rhode Island,” says of Newport, “It was the chosen resort of the rich and philosophic, from nearly all quarters of the world.” He then adds:

“There were more complete chemical laboratories in Rhode Island, than were to be found anywhere in Massachusetts prior to fifteen years ago. If it be asked, what were they doing in Philadelphia at this time? we answer, nothing, if we except Franklin’s exhibition of electricity. There was then no considerable library, public or private except one owned by William Logan, Esq., another wealthy and generous patron of literature among the Quakers—the *Abraham Redwood* of Penn-

sylvania Is it asked, what were they doing in the medical and philosophical line in Boston at this time? *Pelting Dr. Boylston with stones as he passed the streets in the day, and breaking his windows at night, for introducing inoculation for small pox.* What were they doing at Cambridge between 1721 and 1754?—ask your grandfathers—and what were they doing in Rhode Island? Reading the best collection of books to be found in New England, (Cambridge only excepted,) which gave to Newport a literary cast of character which it sustained until the Revolution; that is, till their distinguished men were scattered.”

Up to the war of 1812, Newport dragged slowly along; her commerce gradually improved, and her merchants, in a measure, regained lost ground. Of later years, the Island has become the resort of thousands during the summer, and it once more presents a gay and animated appearance. Hundreds of beautiful buildings have been erected during the past few years; the taxable property has increased to thirty million of dollars; and it is now esteemed a favor to obtain a fine site for a house at so much a foot, where a few seasons ago the same money would have purchased acres of the most desirable land. Some of the changes that have been effected in the appearance of Newport, we shall point out in the following pages.

THE SURF, CHERRY NECK.





CHAPTER II.



CITY HALL.—WASHINGTON SQUARE.—COM. PERRY'S HOUSE.—
ZION CHURCH.—CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH.—DR. STILES.—
NEWPORT ARTILLERY.

A'T the head of Long Wharf and facing the Parade, stands the City Hall, a brick building of good proportions and dating back to 1763. It was erected as a public market and granary, and by the older inhabitant, is still called the "Granary." For a number of years the upper story was used as a Theatre; subsequently it was renovated and converted into a public hall, now known as the City Hall

The lower story is used for the offices of the City Clerk and Clerk of Probate.

On the south side of Washington Square, a few doors from Thames Street, stands the house where Commodore Perry resided after the battle of Lake Erie. It is a large square building, erected before the Revolution by a Mr. Levy, a Jew, and contains a wide hall, fine large rooms, and is elaborately finished within. A view of it is given at the head of this chapter. The house is at present owned and occupied by Mr Gladding.

Oliver Hazard Perry, son of Chris. Raymond Perry, was born in Narragansett, Aug. 23d, 1785, and when thirteen years of age he entered the service as midshipman, on board the sloop-of-war General Greene, commanded at that time by his father, but his warrant was not dated until the following year. On the breaking out of the Tripolitan war, he was ordered to join the Adams, commanded by Capt. Campbell, with whom he continued until Commodore Preble was superseded by Commodore Morris, when he returned in the frigate New York to the United States. It was during this cruise that he was promoted to an acting lieutenancy. In 1804 he joined the squadron at Malta, where he remained until the conclusion of the peace with Tripoli, when Com. Rogers shifted his flag from the Constitution to the Essex, and took Perry with him to the United States in the capacity of second lieutenant. During the Embargo he was employed in building seventeen gunboats at Newport, Rhode Islind, and in 1810 he superseded Capt. Jones in the command of the United States schooner

Revenge, attached to the squadron of Com. Rogers, lying at New London. The schooner was lost on Watch Hill Reef; a court of inquiry investigated all the facts of the case, by whom the conduct of the commanding officer was highly applauded. In 1811 Capt. Perry married Miss Mason, daughter of the late Dr. Mason, of Newport. On the breaking out of the late war with Great Britain, he was ordered to take command of the United States flotilla lying at Newport; and in February, 1813, he was appointed, with rank of master commander, to the command of the United States naval force on Lake Erie.

For a truthful and eloquent account of the Battle of Lake Erie, the reader is referred to an oration delivered at the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the Tenth of September, by Hon. Geo. H. Calvert.

In 1819 Com. Perry was dispatched with the sloop-of-war John Adams and schooner Nonsuch, on a mission to Augostura, the seat of the Insurgent Government on the Main. While on his way in the Nonsuch from the mouth of the Orinoco, to join the John Adams at Trinidad, he was taken with the yellow fever, and expired before he reached the latter vessel. He was buried at Trinidad with funeral honors, and in 1826 the remains were brought to Newport in the sloop-of-war Lexington, and landed at Overing's wharf, Nov. 27th. The following Monday, Dec. 4th, they were interred with honors due to his rank and services. Since then the State has erected a handsome monument to the memory of the departed hero. It stands on the west side of the Island Cemetery,

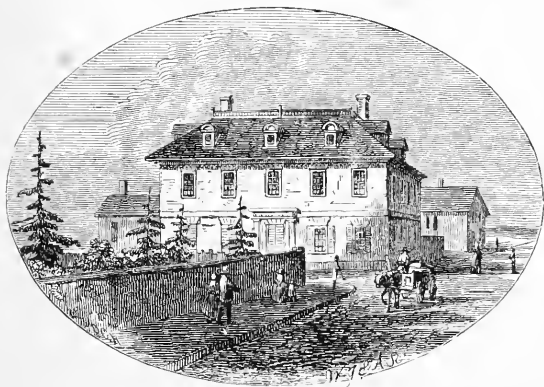
and is composed of a shaft of granite on a square pedestal that rises from a grassy mound. On the four sides of the pedestal there are appropriate inscriptions, and at the base rest the remains of Commodore Perry and three of his children.

We enter Clarke Street for a moment to examine the Central Baptist Church. The building was erected by the Second Congregational Society in the year 1735, and at the time the British took possession of the Island, it was under the pastoral charge of Rev. Dr. Stiles, afterward President of Yale College.

The next building south of the Central Baptist Church, is the Armory of the Newport Artillery—a distinguished corps that dates from 1741. This ancient company has always been sustained by the citizens of Newport, and its ranks have been filled by father and son for generations. The Newport Artillery is the body guard of the Governor of the State.



CHAPTER III.



ROCHAMBEAU'S HEADQUARTERS.

VERNON MANSION HOUSE.—HON. WM. VERNON.—LANDING OF WASHINGTON AND RECEPTION BY ROCHAMBEAU.—ILLUMINATION OF THE TOWN.

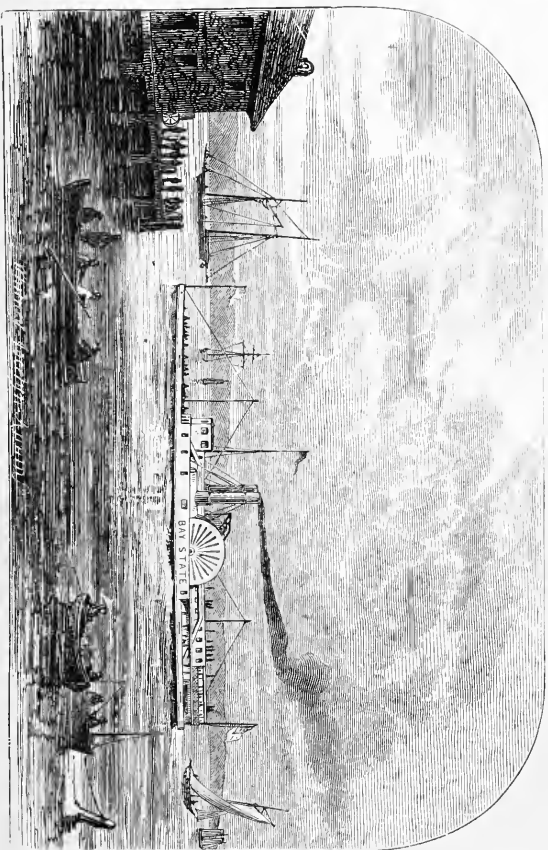
At the corner of Mary and Clarke Streets stands a venerable building, still in the most perfect order, and promising to resist the stormy winters of another century. Like many others of the class in the city, it is framed of oak, based on a heavy foundation, and elaborately finished within and without. The style, of which it is a fair specimen, was very generally adopted at the period when Newport ranked second only to Boston in commercial prosperity.

The house before us is known as the Vernon Family Mansion, and was owned and occupied by the late Hon. William Vernon, whose public services require something more than a passing notice.

In the annals of Rhode Island there are names of greater note than that of William Vernon; but of all who entered heart and soul into the cause of Freedom, and were most prominent in that fearful struggle for Independence, not one is more deserving of the highest honors. Had Mr. Vernon taken up arms in the common defense, his name would have found a distinguished place on the page of history; but his store of knowledge was of infinitely more value to the country than personal prowess. His labors were of the Council; and as President of the Eastern Navy Board, at Boston, his energies were directed to the formation of a Navy that should battle with the enemy on the ocean—a gigantic undertaking for that day, and one that, by the brilliancy of its success, entitles the members of the Board to lasting gratitude.

When the blow fell upon the Colonies, and every "Son of Freedom" was called upon to take an active part in repelling the common foe, Mr. Vernon relinquished all private claims, and at once brought his extensive knowledge of mercantile and marine affairs to the aid of the government; and to his unflinching devotion to Liberty, personal sacrifices and extraordinary exertions, America, under Providence, owes much of her success upon the sea.

At the close of the war, Mr. Vernon again entered on a commercial life, and he continued his devotion to it almost to the day of his death, which event



OLD STEAMBOAT LANDING.



occurred at the Mansion House Dec. 22d, 1806, having nearly closed his 87th year.

During the time the British were in possession of the Island, the Vernon house, in common with others, was occupied by troops, and it was only on the evacuation that it was restored to the rightful owner. When the French fleet arrived, it was made the headquarters of Count Rochambeau, who here entertained Washington at the time of his first visit to Newport.

Gen. Washington, on that occasion, was received at the ferry in Jamestown, by the Admiral's barge, and conducted on board his ship. Of his landing in Newport there are several accounts—all more or less incorrect. The following was given to us by an eyewitness, who still lives to relate the details of an event which was hailed with joy by the inhabitants of the town.

Washington landed at Barney's Ferry—the corner of the Long Wharf and Washington Street. The French troops formed a close line, three deep on either side, from the ferry house up the Long Wharf and Washington Square to Clarke Street, where it turned at a right angle and continued to Rochambeau's headquarters. The following night the town was illuminated. At that time the inhabitants were poverty stricken, and comparatively few were able to take part in the joyful ceremony; but that all should share in the honors paid so distinguished a visitor, the Town Council ordered that candles should be purchased, and given to all who were too much distressed, through continued losses, to purchase for themselves; so that every house should show a light.

The procession was led off by thirty boys, bearing candles fixed on staffs, followed by Gen. Washington, Count Rochambeau and the other officers, their aids and the procession of citizens. The night was clear, and there was not a breath to fan the torches. The brilliant procession marched through the principal streets, and then returned to the head-quarters. On reaching the door, Washington waited on the step until all the officers and their friends had entered the house; then, turning to the boys who had acted as torch-bearers, he thanked them for their attention. This was glory enough for the young patriots.

An anecdote is related of Washington at this time. A little boy had heard so much of Washington, that he conceived a strong desire to see him. His father, to gratify his wish, lifted him in his arms and approached an open window, near which Washington stood, whom he pointed out. The child was amazed, and exclaimed aloud: "Why, father, Gen. Washington is a man!" It reached the ear of the hero, who turned round and said, as he patted the boy on the head: "Yes, my lad, and nothing but a man."

This anecdote has been repeatedly told, but it has not been properly located until now.

CHAPTER IV.

CHURCH STREET.—RESIDENCE OF REV. JAMES HONYMAN.—JAMES HONYMAN, ESQ.—MRS. COWLEY'S ASSEMBLY ROOM.—BALL GIVEN BY THE FRENCH OFFICERS.—BALL GIVEN BY THE CITIZENS TO WASHINGTON AND ROCHAMBEAU.—BALL GIVEN TO PRESIDENT WASHINGTON —TRINITY CHURCH.—FUNERAL OF CHEVALIER DE TERNAY.

The house making the south corner of Church and Thames Streets, now owned by T. Mumford Seabury, was owned and occupied by Rev. James Honyman, who was rector of Trinity Church so early as 1704. He was appointed missionary, and sent over to this station by the "Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts," and brought with him, as a present to the church, a valuable library of the best theological books of that day. Many of these books are still in the possession of the church. Mr. Honyman served the society for nearly fifty years, and was instrumental of much good.

The house at that day presented an appearance similar to many then in use. The windows were glazed with diamond panes in frames of lead, and unique window casings, and the whole exterior,

shaded by heavy projections, was painted a bright red color.

James Honyman, Esq., son of the rector, resided with his father. He was elevated in the profession of the law at an early age, and held many important offices. In his 28th year he was elected Attorney General of the colony, which office he held for a number of years, and was subsequently King's Attorney for the County of Newport. Mr. Honyman was also one of the committee on the Eastern Boundary question, and was one of the counsel who argued the case in behalf of Rhode Island, before the Commissioner appointed by the Crown, at Providence, in 1741. After resigning his seat in the Senate, he was appointed Advocate General of the Court of Vice-Admiralty in the colony, but on the breaking out of the difficulties with the mother country, he delivered his commission to the Governor, at the request of the Legislature, to be lodged in the Secretary's office. As a speaker, Mr. Honyman is described as elaborate; in deportment, as dignified; and his practice was both extensive and profitable.

Just above — was in earlier times the assembly room of Newport, which was kept by Mrs. Cowley, who, a hundred years ago, was known to all the region round.

It was here that the citizens of Newport gave a ball in honor of Washington and Rochambeau, and on this occasion Washington opened the ball.

Passing up the street a short distance, we enter the yard of Trinity Church. Here every spot is planted with graves; the very walks and steps sepul-



TRINITY CHURCH.



cher the dead. Many who took an active part in colonial times, here find a common resting-place. The first grave as we enter, on the left, is that of Nathaniel Kay, Esq., Collector of the King's Customs, who in his will handsomely endowed the church. Here the remains of the Chevalier De Fayelle, aide-de-camp to La Fayette, found a resting-place; here Bishop Berkeley resigned an infant daughter to the earth; and there, by the church side, covered by a few boards to preserve it from further injury, stood a monument erected at the charge of royalty over the remains of the Chevalier De Ternay.* One who was long spared to tell of the past well remembered the pageant on the burial of that lamented soldier. He was in the chamber where De Ternay died, when the body was placed in the coffin, and followed the cortege—the most imposing ever witnessed in these streets—to the grave, where the priests, nine in number, chanted the funeral service, and the sailors who bore the corse slowly resigned it to the earth.

The monument is composed of a large, and once beautiful, slab of Egyptian marble. The inscription was in gold. It was designed for the interior of the church, but as no suitable place could be found for it within the walls, it was placed nearly over the grave, where it has gradually cracked and fallen away.

The venerable church now numbers one hundred and twenty-eight years, and occupies the site of the first Episcopal church erected on the Island. We have not room for its long list of rectors, and to speak of their good deeds would be to fill a volume; but we

* This has been removed to the vestibule, and a new granite monument erected near the site of the old one.

will close our account of this building, one of the few which has retained its original features unchanged for more than a century and a half, with an extract from the Memoirs of Rhode Island, published fifty years ago, in the *Newport Mercury*—and never issued in book form, so that it is practically unknown to the present generation. Speaking of this church the author.

'The late Major Bull remarks:

"A few days after the British left Newport, some young men of the town, and among them two American officers, entered the church and despoiled it of the altar-piece, consisting of the King's arms, the lion and the unicorn. They were highly ornamental, and were placed against the great east window. After trampling them under foot, they were carried to the North Battery and set up for a target to fire at. The other emblems of royalty being out of reach, were suffered to remain. They consist of one royal crown on the spire, and another on the top of the organ. However little the present generation may care for baubles of that kind, still, the antiquity of these ornaments and the propriety of them in the day when they were put up, make them still interesting—as indicating, at the first view, to the stranger, the antiquity of the structure which contained them—and splendid for the days and country in which it was erected. This structure has never been subjected to the hand of modern vandalism. The interior of the church is now the same as when Dean Berkeley preached in it, with the exception of the longitudinal enlargement, and the pulpit is now the only one in America ever graced by the occupancy of that distinguished prelate. The church was at that time we are speaking of without a minister. As it had been nursed by the High Church party in England, it was unpopular with the mass of the people, who were writhing under the scourge inflicted by that very party. The church edifice, too, had been spared by those invaders who worshipped in it, while the other places in the town they had desecrated—by converting them into riding schools or hospitals—and every part of them but the shells they had demolished."

Turning off at this point, and passing through School Street to the corner of Mary Street, we have on the

right, the house in which the late William Ellery Channing, Esq., was born in 1751.

Wm. E. Channing was one of the earliest Attorney Generals of Rhode Island. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress, an opponent of the paper money party, and a devoted Federalist. Well read in the law, and interested in politics, he rose to distinguished eminence, and at the time of his death he held the offices of General and District Attorney.

The late Hon. Asher Robins says of Mr. Channing, in a communication to his biographer :

“His manner of speaking at the bar was rapid, vehement and impressive; never studied nor exactly methodical in his pleadings; but he always came well prepared as to matter and authority. He had an extensive practice, attended all the Courts of the State regularly, and was considered for several years before his death as the leading counsel of the State. He died, I think, at about forty, and after a short illness.”

And his domestic traits are thus recorded by his father-in-law, the late Hon. Wm. Ellery :

“The law of kindness and benevolence was in his heart and on his tongue. The persons employed by him as domestics, and in other services, he treated with great humanity, and rewarded with a liberal punctuality. He was an obedient and respectful son, and a most affectionate brother and friend. To the poor he was compassionate. The needy never turned away from his house empty. His table and his purse were always open to their wants, and his munificence was ever accompanied with a sweetness in the manner, which doubled the obligation of gratitude.”

CHAPTER V.

EASTON'S BEACH.—BATHING.—PURGATORY.—SACHUEST POINT.—
CAPTURE OF THE PIGOT BY MAJOR TALBOT.



THE Ocean at Newport is, and must be, one of its greatest attractions. The visitor for a few hours, or he who makes it his refuge for the sultry season, alike wend their way thither to breathe

the air from the Atlantic, and rest mind and body, lulled and soothed by its mighty anthem. Even those who live within sight of it never weary of its changeful beauty. Like the mountaineer, the dwellers by the sea learn to love its quiet in calms, and its majesty when lashed to fury.

We are on Easton's Beach, a spot that Berkeley and Allston and Malbone and Channing loved to visit. Here they each, in turn, came for study and meditation, undisturbed save by the music of the tumbling surf. Of its influence over his mind, Channing thus made record:





AFTER THE STORM.

"In this town I pursued for a time my studies of theology. I had no professor or teacher to guide me ; but I had two noble places of study. One was yonder beautiful edifice, now so frequented and so useful as a public library, then so deserted that I spent day after day, and sometimes week after week, amidst its dusty volumes without interruption from a single visitor. The other place was yonder beach, the roar of which has so often mingled with the worship of this place, my daily resort, dear to me in the sunshine, still more attractive in the storm. Seldom do I visit it now without thinking of the work, which there, in the sight of that beauty, in the sound of those waves, was carried on in my soul. No spot on earth has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest. There, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of power within. There, struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, as if moved to utterance by nature's eloquence of the winds and waves. There, began a happiness surpassing all worldly pleasure, all gifts of fortune, the happiness of communing with the works of God."

Tuckerman, in a volume of poems, also pays a tribute to Newport beach :

"Thy breath, majestic Sea, was native air,
And thy cool spray, like Nature's baptism, fell
Upon my brow, while thy hoarse summons called
My childhood's fancy into wonder's realm.
Thy boundless azure in youth's landscape shone
Like a vast talisman, that oft awoke
Visions of distant climes, from weary round
Of irksome life to set my spirit free ;
And hence, whene'er I greet thy face anew,
Familiar tenderness and awe return
At the wild conjuration :—fondest hopes,
And penitential tears and high resolves
Are born of musing by the solemn deep.

"Then here, enfranchised by the voice of God,
O, ponder not, with microscopic eye,
What is adjacent, limited and fixed ;
But, with high faith gaze forth, and let thy thought
With the illimitable scene expand,
Until the bond of circumstance is rent,
And personal griefs are lost in visions wide
Of an eternal future! Far away

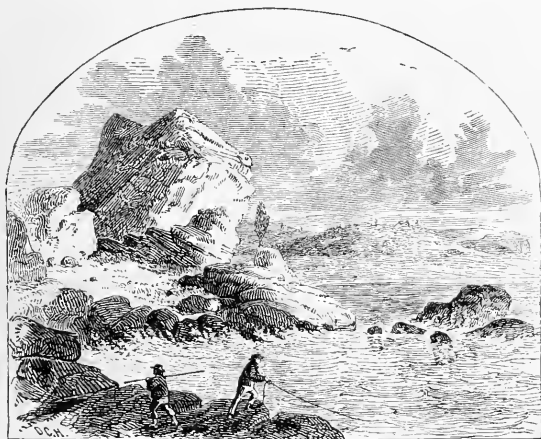
Where looms yon sail, that, like a curlew's wing,
Prints the gray sky, are moored enchanted isles
Of unimagined beauty, with soft airs
And luscious fruitage and unclouded stars ;
Where every breeze wafts music, every path
By flowers o'erhung, leads to a home of love,
And every life is glorified with dreams :
And thus beyond thy present destiny,
Beyond the inlet where the waves of Time
Fret at their barren marge, there spreads a sea
More free and tranquil, where the isles of peace
Shall yield thy highest aspiration scope,
And every sympathy response divine."

During the summer months, the beach is daily visited by hundreds, who array themselves in fancy costumes, and eagerly plunge into the tumbling surf. Gayly appareled beaux and belles vie in fantastic tricks, making the air ring with their careless laugh ; but the music of their merry voices and the roaring of the surf are occasionally made to play the second part to the screams of some timid girl, who would fain buffet with the waves, did her courage admit. She is vanquished at the outset, and the first wave that caresses her tiny feet banishes for ever her small stock of courage ; while her companions fearlessly ride the billows' snowy crest ; now floating lightly on the ocean's heaving bosom ; now diving beneath the surface, in search of old Neptune's sparkling treasures. Nought will the swimmer there find, save sand smooth and white, or perchance a few shells fringed with delicate coral and many-colored moss.

Here, as well as on Sachuest Beach, were once seen fishermen drawing their nets for menhaden and blue fish or horse mackerel. The latter were also

taken in great abundance at the east end of Sachuest Beach. .

Passing over the Beach and the creek connecting Easton's Pond with the ocean, we cross the neck of land that divides the two beaches, and pause upon the bold line of rocks that face the shore. These rocks, called the Bluff, are composed of gray wacke, and many of them have been displaced from their original bed by some mighty convulsion of nature.



BLUFF NEAR PURGATORY.

Near the northern extremity of the Bluff, and at the highest point, there is a dark chasm, known as Purgatory. The general impression is that the rock at this point was divided by some sudden upheaving of the earth, though President Hitchcock has expressed the opinion that it resulted from the washing of the

ocean at an early period in the world's history, at which time a larger portion of the earth was submerged, and the less enduring portions of the rock gave way under the action of the sea. Be this as it may, it requires strong nerves to approach the brink and look down into the yawning abyss. By actual measurement, the chasm is one hundred and sixty feet in length; width at top, from eight to fourteen feet; width at bottom, from two to twenty-four feet; depth at the outer edge, fifty feet; depth of water at low tide, ten feet.

One side of Purgatory is much higher than the other, and a few persons have been so daring as to leap across it. Two legends are connected with Purgatory. One is that the Devil once rewarded a sinning squaw for her murderous deeds, by throwing her down into the gulf. The foot-prints of His Majesty are still visible in the rock, and some go so far as to point out the spots of her blood along the bluff. The other story is of a maiden who put the affections of her lover to the test, by requiring him to leap across the opening in the rock from the point where they stood; declaring that if he did not confirm his vows of love by this act, he should never wed her. The youth, perceiving that she was really in earnest, boldly sprang to the opposite side; then bowing to the heartless girl, and bidding her a final adieu, he left her on the rock speechless from remorse.

Passing the second beach, we are on Sachuest Point, the extreme south-east of the Island. The waters on the left hand flow from Mount Hope Bay and make the East River.

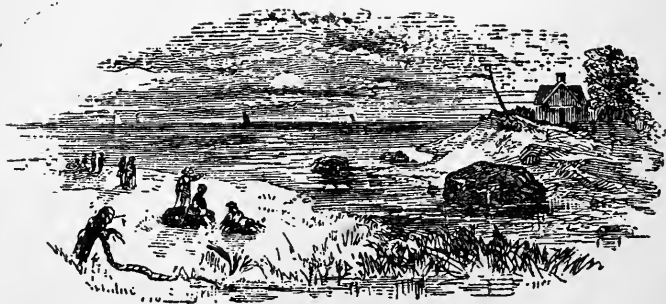
Here a bold scene was witnessed in 1778. The

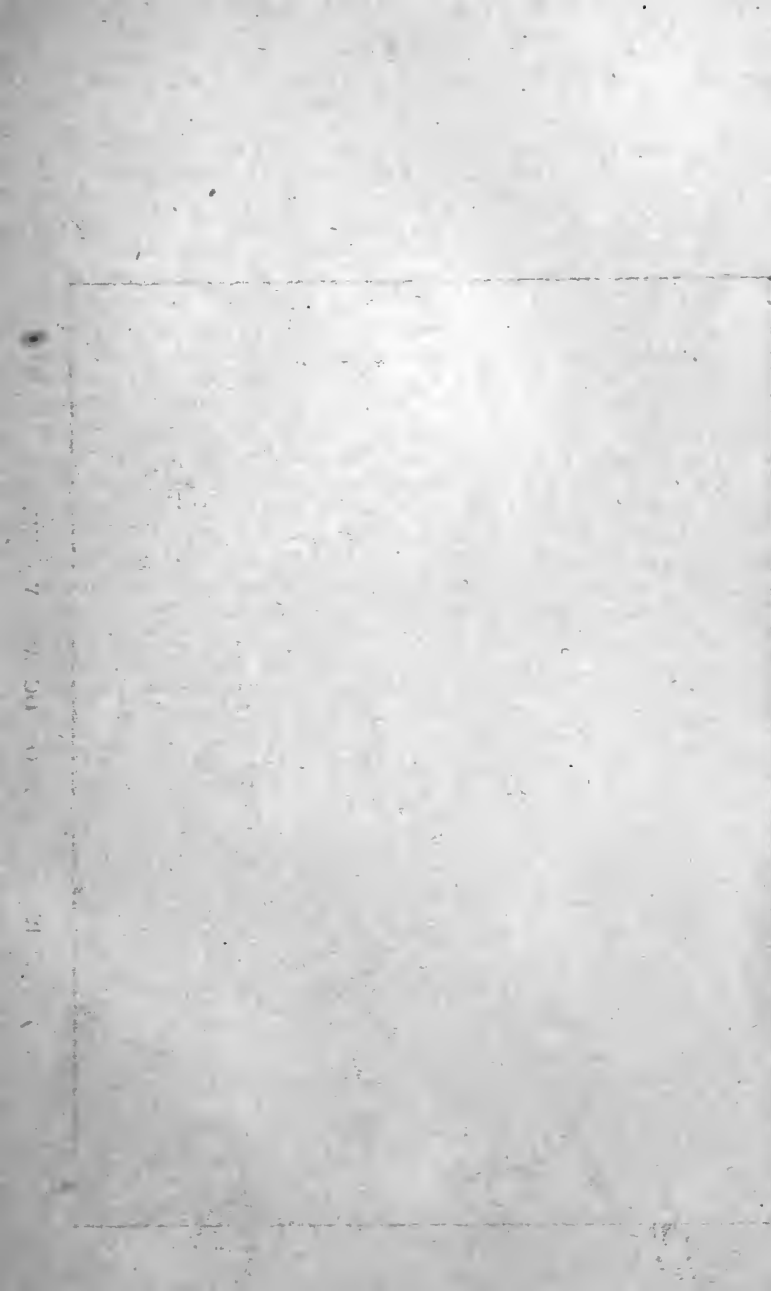
British were then in possession of the southern portion of the Island, and they desired to cut off all communication by sea with other portions of the State. To effect this, a galley was anchored directly in the passage before us, armed with ten eighteen-pounders, besides ten swivels. In addition to this heavy armament, she was protected by a strong boarding netting, and manned by a crew of forty-five men, under Lieut. Dudley. She was called the Pigot. In her position she could do much injury to the American forces by intercepting supplies; and at last complaints became so general, that Major Talbot conceived the bold project of capturing her. To insure success, he obtained a small sloop, called the Hawk, equipped her with two three-pounders and sixty picked men from the various regiments quartered in Providence. The number was subsequently increased to seventy-five. After passing the fort at Bristol Ferry without receiving any injury from the shots fired at him, he anchored in Mount Hope Bay, where he left the vessel in charge of Lieut. Baker, landed and rode down the shore to this point. Here he carefully inspected the galley. He found her armed at all points, but the result of his inspection was exhibited in a stronger determination to attack her, which resolution he carried into effect on a dark night, Nov. 4th, 1778. The attack is thus described by the biographer of Talbot:*

"As the sloop dropped silently down the river, they lashed a kedge-anchor to the jib-boom, to tear, and at the same time grapple with the nettings of the Pigot. They drifted by the Fogland fort under bare poles, without being discovered,

* "Life of Talbot," by Henry T. Tuckerman.

although they saw the sentinel each time he passed the barrack light. This was a most auspicious circumstance, for one shot would have given an alarm to the galley. All hands being ready for action, they again hoisted sail; but fearing they should run astray of their object in the darkness, soon cast anchor once more, lowered a boat, and went in search of her with muffled oars. They had proceeded but a few rods when her sombre form was seen rising in the gloom; they noted how she rode with the wind and tide, returned to the Hawk, and directed her course accordingly. Being soon perceived by the watch on the deck of the galley, they were repeatedly hailed, but made no answer; when nearly alongside, a volley of musketry was discharged at them; but before the Pigot could fire one gun, the jib-boom of the Hawk had torn its way through the nettings, and grappled the foreshrouds; while their salute had been amply returned, and Lieut. Helm, followed by his detachment, mounted the deck sword in hand. With shouts, the crew of the Hawk drove every man into the hold of the galley, except the commander, who fought desperately in his shirt and drawers, until convinced that resistance was useless. When informed, however, that he was vanquished by a little sloop, he wept over his inevitable disgrace, and Major Talbot in vain offered him the condolence which, as a generous victor, he felt at his mortification. This brilliant *coup de main* was effected without a loss on either side."



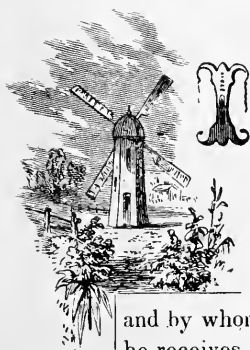




HAZARD ROAD, FROM OCEAN AVENUE.

CHAPTER VI.

OLD STONE MILL.



N the centre of an open lot, bounded by Pelham, Bellevue, Mill and George Sts., stands a venerable pile, known to the world as the "Old Stone Mill," but sometimes it is spoken of as the "Newport Ruin" and the "Round Tower." The stranger asks "when and by whom was it built," and from one he receives an answer that carries the mind back to the days when the Viking rover,

"Wandering from his region frozen,
On Vineland's shores delighted once to roam."

And by another he is told that

"This is the "Old Mill" of which they tell lies."

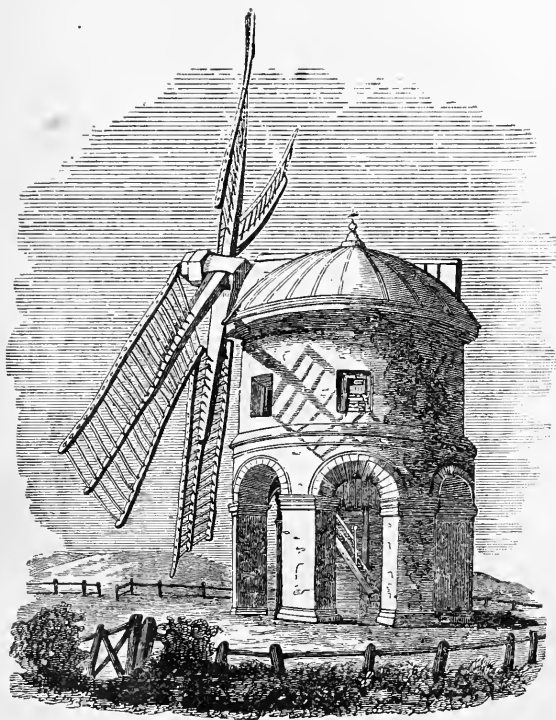
The origin and early history of the "Old Mill" is shrouded in mystery; and this fact, coupled with its peculiar construction and isolated position, has led to many fruitless conjectures. The antiquarian claims for it the honor of having afforded a secure shelter to the Norsemen, who, they say, built it as a lookout



OLD STONE MILL.

and a tower of defense. The matter-of-fact observers deny it this enviable renown, and maintain that it is neither more nor less than an "Old Mill," built by Gov Benedict Arnold, the first Charter Governor of the Colony, who owned the property at the time of his death, and of it makes mention in his will, calling it "my stone built Wind Mill."

An old mill near Leamington, England, designed by Inigo Jones, is supposed to have been Gov. Arnold's model for his stone-built windmill by those who claim it to be a modern structure. The cut of this mill will help the reader to form his own conclusions.



OLD MILL AT LEAMINGTON.



CHAPTER VII.

REDWOOD LIBRARY.—JEWISH CEMETERY —JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

AT the time that Bishop Berkley resided at Newport, a literary and philosophical society was formed by a number of gentlemen of the town. The society met weekly for debates and conversation upon questions of utility and interest; and to enable them the more successfully to carry out their original plan, it was deemed expedient to secure a library. In this step we trace the foundation of the Redwood Library and Athenæum. The attention of the society was immediately directed to the collection of books; and in 1747 a great impulse was given by Abraham Redwood, Esq., who placed at the disposal of the society £500, for the purchase of standard books in London. For the following sketch of the library building, we are indebted to the history of the Library, introduced into the last published catalogue:

“To give permanence and usefulness to his donation, Mr. Redwood enjoined on the society the duty of erecting an edifice, as a depository for such books as might be purchased. In pursuance of their object, a charter of incorporation was obtained in 1747, and the society in honor of their most liberal benefactor, assumed the name of the Redwood Library Company. For the erection of a library building, five thousand pounds were almost immediately subscribed by different citizens of the town. Henry Collins, Esq., proved a noble coadjutor of Mr. Redwood, and presented in June, 1748, to the company, the lot of land, then called Bowling Green, on which the present library edifice now stands.

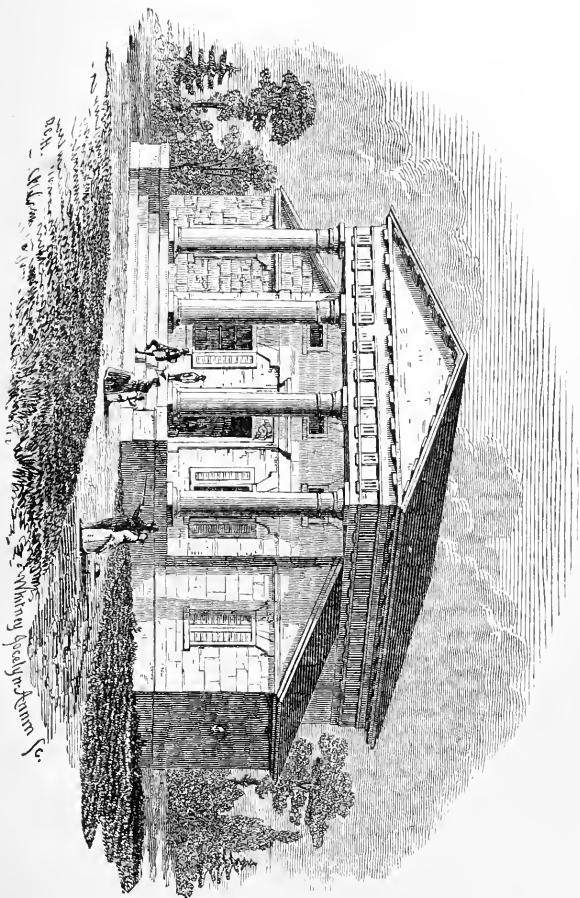
"The library building, which is a beautiful specimen of the Doric order, was commenced in 1748, and completed in 1750. The plan was furnished by Joseph Harrison, Esq., assistant architect of Blenheim House, England. He also superintended the erection of the edifice, with the committee of the company, consisting of Samuel Wickham, Henry Collins and John Tillinghast. The master-builders were Wing Spooner, Samuel Green, Thomas Melvil and Israel Chapman. The principal front is ornamented with a portico of four Doric columns, seventeen feet in height, and projecting nine feet from the walls of the building. The edifice consists of a main building, and two small wings on each side, ranging in a line parallel with the west end of the building. The wings furnish two rooms of about twelve feet square. The principal library room, occupying the whole of the main building, is thirty-seven feet long, twenty-six feet broad, and nineteen feet in height. The whole building is supported by a substantial foundation raised several feet from the ground."

Names of the leading men in the history of Rhode Island, are connected with this library. William Ellery, Stephen Hopkins, Daniel Updike, James Honyman, Jr., Dr. Stiles; and many others in turn were active members.

Valuable presents have been made to the library at different times, and the late Judah Touro, Esq., in his will, bequeathed three thousand dollars to the Company, to be expended in books and repairs. In 1843 he gave a thousand dollars to defray the expense of re-setting the steps.

The Library contains many old and valuable books that are now comparatively scarce; but many of the finest works were carried off by the British troops, when they left the Island. The loss sustained at that time can never be replaced. The present number of volumes is more than twenty thousand.

Continuing along Touro street to the north, the massive granite gateway and fence, surrounding the Jewish



REDWOOD LIBRARY, 1750.





JEWISH CEMETERY.

Cemetery will attract attention. It was erected in 1843 by order of the late Judah Touro, Esq., at an expense of about \$12,000. Mr. Touro was a native of Newport, and in these grounds repose the remains of his father and mother and other members of his family. The cemetery and the walk in front are kept in repair by a fund provided for that purpose through the liberality of Mr. Touro.

The street to the right, and leading nearly north, is Kay street, named after Nathaniel Kay, Esq., of whom mention is made in a former chapter. Kay street is of ample width, and in time, the walks will be shaded by the ornamental trees that have been planted. The buildings—all erected within a few years—stand back from the street, and many of them are large and

expensive, and not a few, are neat and picturesque cottages.

The continuation of Touro street will bring us to the Jewish Synagogue, which stands in an open lot, surrounded by a granite fence, somewhat similar to that around the cemetery. The synagogue was built in 1762, and up to the war it was regularly opened for services ; at that time there were not less than seventy Jewish families residing in Newport, and many of their members were numbered among the most wealthy and influential citizens. It was the only place of worship in New England, where Hebrew was chanted and read weekly. Abraham Touro left the handsome sum of \$20,000 in charge of the Town authorities, the interest to be expended in keeping the synagogue and grounds, and the street leading to it, in good repair, and the wishes of the donor have been carefully complied with.

In July, 1859, the improvements which had been in progress for some time upon the Redwood Library were completed. The extensive addition to the east of the new building will furnish sufficient room for the books with which the Library has long been crowded.





ON JEFFREY ROAD, LOOKING NORTH.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS.—CAPTURE OF GEN. PRESCOTT.
REDWOOD HOUSE —BUTT'S HILL.—LAWTON'S VALLEY.

BY taking the main road, and keeping to the west, an hour's ride will bring us to the spot where Gen. Prescott was captured by Col. Barton, on the night of June 10th, 1777. The road is not as much frequented as the east or mail route, but in many respects it is more pleasing.

At the corner of the cross road, about three and a half miles out, stands a picturesque little church, built from a design by Mr. Upjohn, and called the Church of the Holy Cross. Beyond this, a distance of perhaps a mile and a half, we reach the farm known as the Page place, and the house that stands back a short distance from the road, was occupied by Gen. Prescott, as his head-quarters in Portsmouth, at the time that he was surprised by the Americans.

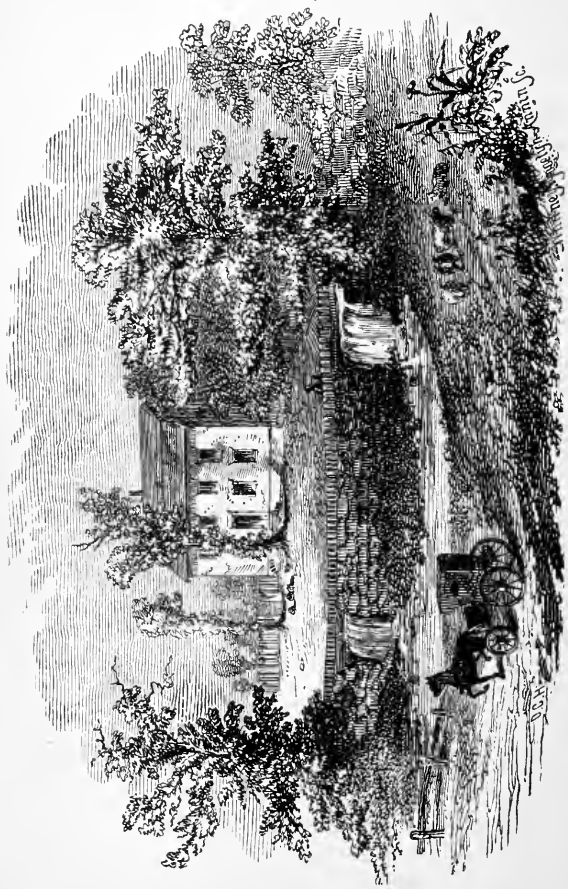
The capture of Gen. Prescott by Col. Barton was a memorable event in the history of the Revolution, and as remarkable for its daring as for its complete success. It is unnecessary here to rehearse the story; every one is acquainted with the particulars, and we have only to point to the different objects to make the whole scene familiar.

The stream that gently falls over the wall, then winds across the road and under the little bridge, is soon lost to view in the tangled brushwood on the west. It was by this ravine, (through which this stream finds its way to the sea,) that Barton and his party approached the house. The gate and the path remain unchanged, and one can readily imagine the band of patriots quietly drawing near to the house, with the full determination of capturing the leader of the enemy's forces, or of sacrificing their lives in the attempt. The work was soon done. The old negro (who we well remember) broke in the panel with his head; the astonished General was taken from his bed, and without allowing him time to dress, he was carried forth by strong arms, and hurried over a field but lately reaped—the stubble sorely cutting his naked feet—to the boat in waiting at the mouth of the creek. There he was wrapped in Barton's cloak, and the boats pulled away for the opposite shore, passing directly under the stern of one British man-of-war, and under the bows of another; the General hearing the sentinel above his head proclaiming "All's well," but, restrained by the fear of instant death, he could not make known his painful situation.

The house was at that time in the possession of the Overing family, and by some it is still called the Overing house. Since that time it has passed through several hands.

The name of Prescott was detested by friend and foe, and independent of the humiliation and disgrace attached to such a capture, the British troops were





PRESCOTT'S HEADQUARTERS, PORTSMOUTH.

overjoyed to find that he had been so suddenly snatched from his command.

In Newport, the



HEAD-QUARTERS OF GEN. PRESCOTT,

was the house corner of Pelham and Spring Streets, directly opposite the Congregational Church, and later the property of Joshua Sayer, Esq. During the war it was owned by the Bannister family. The General, in pleasant weather, used to walk from the corner of the house in Spring Street to the north corner of the block, and, to have a dry flagging, he caused a sufficient number of stone steps to be removed from the neighboring dwellings, and placed there for his accommodation. Here he used to sun himself, and woe betide the man who had the temerity to pass him without taking off his hat.

The house is of the old school, of which we have already made mention. It is finished throughout with

panel work, elaborate mouldings, rooms of ample dimensions, a wide hall and generous staircase.

The next estate to the Page place, with the fine row of linden trees in front, is the Redwood farm: and at the time of the capture of Gen. Prescott, it was occupied by Gen. Smith, who was second in command.

Beyond the Redwood farm, and to the right, there is an elevation, known as Butt's Hill. Here the Americans, under Sullivan and Greene, made a desperate stand against the British, at the time they were driven from the Island. The odds were greatly in favor of the enemy, but nevertheless these brave officers managed to cover the retreating forces, and to embark with them without serious loss.

The valley below Butt's Hill is an exceedingly picturesque one, and is known as Lawton's Valley. It is watered by a small stream that flows through its entire length, and falls into the Bay. Few who have leisure, pass this lovely spot without pausing to rest beneath the shade of the trees that hang gracefully over the little brook.





LIFE SAVING STATION.

CHAPTER IX.

THE POINT.—WASHINGTON STREET —DR. WM. HUNTER —PON.
WM. HUNTER.—DEATH OF CHEVALIER DE TERNAY.—FORT
GREENE.



FINE view of the Bay and Harbor may be obtained from the Point, which comprises that part of the city to the north of the Long Wharf, and west of Thames Street.

The change in the appearance of the Point within a few years, is very great; not that

any remarkable buildings have gone up there, but the whole of that portion of the city has sensibly improved. The principal streets have been graded, the buildings generally neatly painted, and in a few instances new and pretty cottages have been built. We often wonder that no more buildings are erected in that quarter; the situation is delightful, the prospect finer than in the compact part of the city; it is easy of access, affords a fine opportunity for bathing, and offers many inducements to those who are seeking desirable building lots.

The principal street running north and south, is Washington Street. About half way from the Long Wharf, and a few doors from Bridge Street, stands the Hunter house, another of the old fashioned buildings, so characteristic of Newport.

Here Dr. Wm. Hunter resided, and the property is still in the hands of his descendants.

Dr. Hunter was a Scotch physician of high respectability. He was educated at Edinburgh, but settled in Newport many years prior to the Revolution. It is said that he was one of the devoted band of Scotchmen who adhered to the last to the ill-fated house of Stuart, and that his emigration hither was the consequence of his participation in the rebellion of 1745. In the year 1755 he was surgeon of the troops raised by this State for the expedition against Crown Point, and it was in his tent that the brave Baron Dieskau breathed his last. In the year 1756 he delivered in this city, the first course of anatomical lectures ever given in the country. His youngest son, the late Hon. William Hunter, was born at Newport.

Hon. William Hunter graduated at Brown University, and sailed for London, where he commenced the study of medicine under the guidance of his kinsman, the celebrated Dr. Hunter. The profession, however, was distasteful to him, and he soon after entered the Inner Temple, a pupil of Arthur Murphy, Esq. Returning to Newport, and having been admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one, he soon found himself, despite his youth, in the enjoyment of a large and lucrative practice.

In 1834, Mr. Hunter was appointed Charge to

Brazil, an office which, in 1842, was raised to that of a full mission. In 1844, Mr. Hunter retired from the post and from public life, and returned to this place, where he resided until his death.

As a lawyer, Mr. Hunter was distinguished for the extent and variety of his learning, while his varied accomplishments gave him great power as an advocate. As a writer, he is mostly known by his occasional orations and discourses, which display rich and ripe scholarship.

It was in the Hunter house that the Chevalier De Ternay breathed his last.

At the northern extremity of Washington Street, Fort Greene is situated; and from this point a beautiful prospect opens, and one may long enjoy the view of the Bay and the projecting points of land.

Fort Greene rests in part on the Blue Rocks. It was built in 1776, and the breastwork was thrown up in one night, for the purpose of attacking the British ship Scarborough, lying off Rose Island. On the following day the guns were brought to bear so effectually upon her as to force her to beat an ignoble retreat. The fort was called the North Battery till 1798, when, by order of Congress, the present fort was built and named after Gen. Greene.

CHAPTER X.

TAMMANY HILL.—MALBONE'S GARDEN.—SMIBERT.—ALLSTON.—
STUART.

THE rising ground to the north of the city is known as Tammany Hill—so called from the fact that Miantonomi, an Indian sachem, once ruled this portion of the island, and it has been said that he made this hill the seat of his government; recent discoveries have, however, shown that the sachem who made this hill his home was Wannemetononie, a son of Miantonomi. The hill is quite elevated, sloping gradually to the south and west, and on the north it is very abrupt.

During the Revolution, Tammany Hill was surmounted by a breastwork, thrown up by the British, and was made one of a chain of outposts across the Island. The remains of the work are still visible. There is a lookout rising from the centre of the hill, and from its summit a fine view of the surrounding country may be obtained. We have often paused upon this elevated point to enjoy the scene. To watch all the changes in the landscape, from the first dawn of light to the last dying rays of the setting sun, is the privilege of those only who reside on the hill-tops; and the lessons that are taught to the young by the glories of the sunlight and the majesty of the

storm, seen from a point like this, cannot be effaced even amid the stirring scenes of after life.

A little lower, on the south side of the hill, stands a picturesque stone house, built by J. Prescott Hall, Esq. It is located on or near the site of the famous Malbone House. All the land in that section was once the property of the late Godfrey Malbone, Esq., and the estate had a wide reputation for the taste and elegance displayed by its wealthy proprietor. The house was accidentally consumed in 1766. The flames broke out as a large party were about to sit down to dinner. Mr. Malbone, finding that it would be impossible to save the house, ordered the dinner to be taken to the lawn and served, observing, "If I have lost my house, there is no reason why we should lose our dinner." To this day the grounds are spoken of as Malbone's Garden, though nothing now remains of the former splendor, save the artificial fish-ponds, and the rows of ancient fruit trees.

When the property passed out of the Malbone family, Edward Malbone, a descendant of Godfrey Malbone, Esq., devoted himself to his art with unabated zeal, that by so doing he might in time be enabled to repurchase the estate. By his intense application to his profession, he undermined his constitution, and planted the seeds of a disease that shortened his life.

Newport may justly be proud of the distinguished artists who, at various periods of her history, have shown so decided an attachment to her soil. Smilert painted here, and probably the portrait of Bishop Berkeley, now at Yale College, was painted at Whitehall. Samuel King, during his lifetime, practised por-

trait painting in Newport, and it is a matter of regret that we have so little of his history preserved to us ; but we know that he was the first instructor of Malbone and Allston, and that the store in Thames Street, long occupied by Mr. Jno. N. Potter, No. 130, was the spot where they were daily employed under his direction. Stuart made Newport his home ; his attachment to it was very marked, and his daughter, Miss Jane Stuart, an artist of much skill, resides here at the present time. The painting in the Senate Chamber of the State House, is one of Stuart's finest works ; and as a contrast to it, there are two pictures in the Redwood Library, portraits of the late Mr. and Mrs. Bannister, painted by him when a boy, and before he sailed for Europe to study with West. Mr. Charles B. King, now of Washington, claims Newport as his home, and many of his finest pictures have been deposited in the Redwood Library ; and Mr. R. M. Staigg, whose miniatures are so highly prized, is a citizen of Newport by adoption.

A few of Malbone's pictures are still to be found in Newport, but in most cases they have been purchased and taken away. The "Hours"—the picture that has made his name famous—is at present in Providence.



MINIATURE BY MALBONE.



Rhode-Island Gazette.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11. 1733

To Mr. Timothy Truman.

SIR.



T was a very good
Reply that was given
to one who had said,
*Religion and Govern-
ment were the Cause of
all the Contentions in
the World, that, There
was nothing else in the
World worth contending
for:*

“For what is Life?”

“Tis not to talk about, and draw fresh Air,

“From Time to Time, and gaze upon the Sun;

“Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone,

“Life grows insipid, and has lost its Relish.

“A Day, an Hour of vertuous Liberty

“Is worth an whole Eternity of Bondage.

addison.

Bondage destroys Religion, which is

“The cordial Drop Heaven in our Cup has thrown
“To make the nauseous Draft of Life go down.”

When I consider the Liberties left in the
English Nations, when almost the whole World
beside those fortunate Islands is enslaved, it fills
my Heart with Gratitude to God and those
illustrious Heroes, who, under him, were the
happy Means of its Preservation. May there
never be wanting there, generous Defenders of
the just Rights of the People. May the Love
of Liberty never decay, and may God for their
Sins never deliver up those Nations to Tyranny
and Arbitrary power.

When I reflect on our happy Condition in
this Colony, and the most invaluable Privileges
we enjoy at the easiest and cheapest Rate ima-
ginable, I cannot sufficiently admire the Wisdom
and Felicity of our Constitution, nor enough
applaud the Discretion and Frugality with which
our Affairs have all along been managed.

By our *Charter*, our *Legislature* and the *Exe-
cutive Power* are more agreeable to the *Equa-
lity of Nature*; and do better serve the true
Ends of Government, than any other Form or
Method whatever. The *Annual Choice* of Ma-
gistrates, and all other Officers, is a wise Pro-
vision to keep them honest and faithful, and
makes Way for that *Rotation* in Government
which has always been found and acknowledged
the surest Support and Defence of a just Li-
berty. And the *Choice*, is self among us is most

fair and equal, and not liable to any Abuses
from Force or Bribery, or Frauds of any Sort;
as where the Election seldom recurs, or is
made by fewer Hands, or where there are lar-
ger Fees, or longer or greater Opportunities of
Private Gain and Advantage to be made of the
publick Offices, at the publick Expence. All
our Freemen are Electors: they are the Body
of the People, whose Interest and the Publick
is the same thing. I have heard it indeed ob-
jected against our Superior Court of Judicature,
that the Annual Choice of the Judges must
render them more likely to receive Impressions
than if they held during their good Behaviour.
But as they are chosen by the Body of the
People, and not appointed by the Executive
Authority, I think the Objection is of no
Weight or Regard. The Distribution of Lands,
at first, and the Preservation of Property in so
many Hands, is a great Bulwark to our Con-
stitution. And so has been our Custom of
changing, and varying several Officers, which
has procured us more Men capable of those
Offices, and at the same Time they have been
so many Checks upon one another. And thus
hence has proceeded, above all, the Cheapness
of our Administration, the Easiness of our Tax-
es of all Sorts, which I apprehend has in the
greatest Degree preserved to us the intire Use
of the original Plan of Government the Crown
was most graciously pleased, with so much Wi-
dom and Goodness, at first to give us.

Liberty of Conscience, which is Freedom to
worship God in the Way we are perswaded is
most agreeable to his Will, and most accepta-
ble to him, and which is the only indefeasible
Right of all Men, is no where else so fully en-
joy'd: We have even no Terms of Reproach,
and are burdened with no Establishment.

On every Account we are and may be the
happiest People in the Universe, if we could
be sensible of our Happiness, and contented to
enjoy it. If I should represent to my Country-
men the *Slavery and Oppression* of the greatest
Part of their Fellow Creatures, they would
have a quicker Relish for their Privileges,
and be more tenacious of them, and be greatly
strengthened in the honest Prejudice every
Man has for his Native Country. We should
never begrutch a warmer Climate or more
fruitful Soil to those who are Slaves in Bo-
dy and Mind. If I should but mention the
constant growing Expence, and heavy Taxes,
the Loss of ancient Privileges, and the pre-
sent vexatious, inextricable, and I fear, the
Entanglements of a neighbouring Government,

my Countrymen must unanimously join in applauding the Ease and Happiness of our Constitution, and the Wisdom and Necessity of avoiding any Measures that may at all endanger it, or prevent our enjoying the full Happiness it is capable to afford. While we have thus the Management of our own Affairs in our own Hands, who feels not that we may be

"Hail happy native Land! But I forbear)
What other Countries mark with Envy hear?
If these Thoughts may yield any Entertainment or Advantage to your Readers, especially if they should in any Measure increase the Love of our happy Constitution and Form of Government, I shall be well rewarded for my Pains in following them on Paper; and you, I hope, will find your Account in their Publication.
I am, Sir, &c.
Narragansett Nov. 5 William-Freeborn, 1755.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Figure, Sept. 22. N. S.

Private Letters from Paris inform us, that it was by the Advice of the Cardinal of Polignac, that the most Christian King persuaded His Catholic Majesty to make Use of Cardinal Alberoni as Prince Ambassador to the Infant-Duke, his Eminency being a Person, than whom none has a better Knowledge of the Affairs of Europe, a more fertile Brain for Projects, or greater Courage in the Execution of them. The Truth is, we may expect to hear of some Enterprises of Importance during his Ministry. He will not only maintain the Great Prince's Rights and Pretensions, but will infallibly bring about a Re-union of the States of which he is acknowledged to be Lawful Successor, with those from which they were formerly dismembered.

To all these Contrivances on the part of France, the Court of Vienna are far from being Strangers; whence it is natural to suppose, a Coldness must arise between the two Courts. The Emperor still finds Pretences for deferring the *Veniam status*, or Dispensation of Age, demanded for the Infant Don Carlos, notwithstanding the pressing Instances of the Duke of Liria; and the Great Duke of Tuscany, on the other hand, complains to his imperial Majesty, that the States and Subjects of Tuscany took Opportunity of their Annual Contributions at Midsummer, to give the Infant-Don Carlos the Title of *Great Duke*; whereby they put him entirely upon a Level with himself.

It is certain, that that young Prince upon all Occasions claims greater Prerogatives, than the other Princes of the Empire, even these who are strictly allied with the Kings and Electoral Houses. A Conduct which, seems the more Extraordinary, because he is yet a minor, and ought not upon any Account to be looked upon otherwise than as Hereditary

Prince of the States which may give him those Prerogatives.

Paris, Sept. 22. N. S. Mr. Thompson, belonging to the Chaftable Corporation in England, had been some Time in Town, and appeared publicly in his own Cloaths; but we hear he is now gone for a few Days towards the Coast, in order to meet his Father upon extraordinary Affairs.

London, Sept. 23. Governor Worsley lies much indisposed at his House in Golden-Square.

Philadelphia, Dec. 12.

We hear from the lower Counties, that it is so exceeding sickly there, the Living are scarce able to bury the Dead, whole Families being down at once, and many are unknown to their Neighbours. Two Indian Boys coming down to visit the Proprietor, were taken sick of the Small-Pox, one of which is dead.

Boston, Jan. 8.

We hear from the Highlands, on the back-side of Cape Cod, that on Monday last Capt. John Prince came in there from New York bound to this Place, with Flower, &c. and having Occasion to go on Shore in the Evening, his Vessel was carried out of the Harbour before Morning, by the Wind and Ice, with all this Men, on board, and is greatly feared that both Vessel and Men are lost upon the Shoals.

The Harbour has been so much Froze up since our last, that several Persons have past to the Cattle upon the Ice, and back again on Foot: as also to and from Charlestown with Horses and Lays, and others with loaded Sleds.

On Tuesday last William Lambert Esq. received a Deputation from the Surveyor General, to succeed John Jekyll Esq. deceased, in the Collectors Office, till further Orders.

On Thursday the 28th past died here Mr. Bartholomew Green, who has been the principal Printer of this Town and Country near Forty Years, in the 67th Year of his Age.

NEWPORT, Jan. 11

On the 30th past dy'd Abraham Borden Esq. General Treasurer of this Colony, after a few Days Illness.

On Friday last was drawn the Lottery set forth by Mr. Isaac Anthony. The House and Land fell to Mr. Josias Lendon, Jun. and three or four more considerable Prizes to others of this Place.

Custom House Newport, Entered Inwards.
Coats from Boney. Outward Bound, None.
Cleared, One, Coggeshall and Norton for Suranam, and Ladd for Barbadoes.

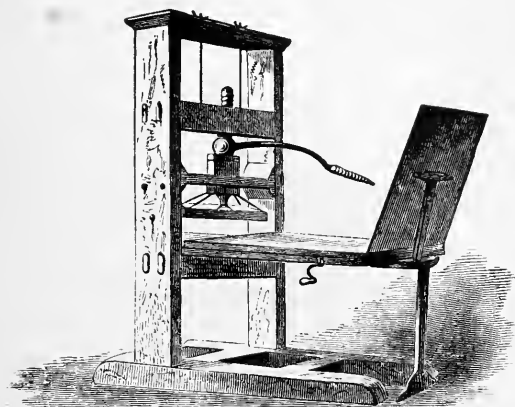
ADVERTISEMENT

N. 13 of this Paper concludes a Quarter. Those who have taken it from the Beginning, are desir'd to pay their Money to John Franklin of Boston, or James Franklin of Newport, the Continuance of it depending on punctual Quarterly Payments, or a greater Number of Subscribers.

B. A good Correspondence is desired for supplying this Paper with Foreign and Domestic Affairs, as well as Speculations, and may be better carried on than hitherto it has been, if a farther Encouragement is given.

NEWPORT, Rhode Island: Printed and Sold by JAMES FRANKLIN, at his Printing House under the Town School-House, where Advertisements and Letters to the Author are taken.

CHAPTER XI.



FRANKLIN'S PRINTING PRESS.

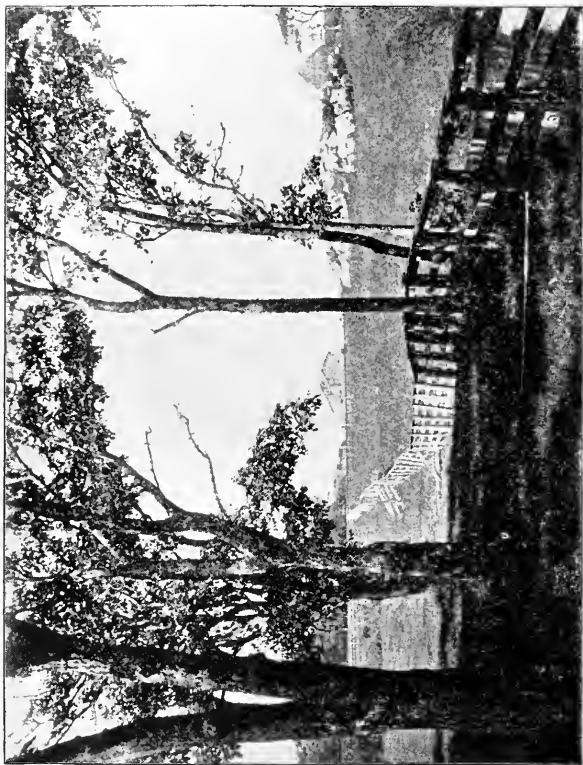
THE NEWFORT MERCURY —JAMES FRANKLIN.—R. I. GAZETTE.

THE first newspaper published in Newport was issued in 1732, by James Franklin, elder brother of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. It was a small sheet, the size of ordinary letter paper, and was printed on a press brought from Boston, which press, imported by James Franklin, was long standing in the office of the Newport Mercury.

On the 14th of February, 1734-5, James Franklin

died, aged 38, after a long indisposition. The printing office he left to his son James, then a child. On the 12th June, 1758, James, the son, issued the first number of the Newport Mercury. He was assisted in the management of it by his mother, Mrs. Ann Franklin, and in a few years, James, having left Newport, for some cause never made known, and never to return, her imprint alone appeared on the paper. The daughter of Mrs. Franklin having married one Samuel Hall, the Mercury was made over to him, and subsequently it was transferred to Solomon Southwick, who published it until December, 1776, when it was discontinued for a time, Southwick fearing the British, who were preparing to land on the Island, would destroy his property. To prevent his press and types, then standing in the office on Queen Street, near the middle of the parade, from falling into their hands, they were removed to the rear of the old building on Broad Street, known as the Kilburn House, where they were buried in the garden. The fact that the property was so secreted was made known to the commander of the British troops, who caused it to be removed to the building known as the Vaughan House, making the north corner of the Parade and Thames Street, where, in the chambers, one John Howe, who was known as printer to his Majesty, regularly issued the Rhode Island Gazette during 1777-78-79, copies of which paper can now be seen at the Redwood Library. After the war, the office was purchased by Mr. Henry Barber, and the Mercury was again issued January 1, 1780.





CHERRY GROVE.

CHAPTER XII.



WHITEHALL.

A RIDE TO GREEN END, HONYMAN'S HILL, WHITEHALL, AND
OVER THE BEACHES.

FEW spots in the environs of Newport are more endeared to the antiquarian than the quiet vale where Berkeley lived, and wrote his finest works. The changes that have been effected in that portion of the island for the century past, are slight indeed, and one can there still enjoy the quiet and repose, so congenial to the mind of Berkeley, climb the hill, named for his friend and neighbor, to survey the scene that always

filled his mind with delight; or, enjoy the shade of the overhanging rocks, where, in fine weather, he daily wrote, undisturbed, save by the murmur of the distant ocean, the song of birds, and the low hum of bees.

The day is fine, the roads are in excellent order, and we will turn our horses' heads towards Green End and chat of Berkeley's sojourn on Rhode Island, as we gently mount the hill.

Whitehall can be reached by passing over the Beach and the neck of land that divides it from the second beach, and then up through the valley that opens to the left: or, by the main and Green End roads, returning by the beaches. We prefer the latter, and will now take the road leading from Broad Street, and follow it for half a mile or so, where it branches off to the right, and to the right we must keep. On either slope are beautiful meadows of emerald green: the orchards already display thick clusters of ripening fruit: the maze, in its perfection, is gently swayed by the soft breezes from the sea, and the birds, that fill the air with their song, fly not at the approach of man.

At the top of the first hill we look down upon Easton's Pond, a large sheet spread out before us, its waters unbroken, save by the light skiff of the angler, or the duck leading forth her young brood upon its glassy surface. Its eastern shore is bounded by Easton's beach, and in the breakers beyond we can descry the bathers, dark against the white waves sporting on the shore.

To the east, the eye rests upon the valley below, and the rising ground that shuts out the view on the opposite side. The hill is known as Honyman's Hill,

and on its summit the American forces were once gathered, under Lafayette, to repulse the British troops, then in possession of the spot on which we now stand. The remains of the breast work, thrown up by the British, are still visible on the farm to the east, and when a portion of it was levelled a few years since, cannon balls were brought to light, that were thrown from the American work before the general retreat under Sullivan.

As we descend the hill we lose the view of all save the sloping banks of green, the gnarled and twisted trees that have yielded their fruits to father and son for generations, and the quiet little brook, that takes its rise in the woods some miles to the north, and empties its limpid waters in the pond to the right. The view is contracted, for the road curves at every few rods, and each change is more pleasing than the last.

The ascent of Honyman's Hill is somewhat steep. On the left hand, just by the school house, there is a narrow road, running north, and shaded by overhanging trees, that, for a short drive, is very pleasant. It comes out on the main road, about three miles from town. We continue the ascent, and as we approach the summit of the hill, find ourselves well repaid for the exertion.

To the south a wider view is offered. The Pond, Easton's Beach, the more elevated portions of the town, and the cliffs, pushing far out into the sea, are spread out before us like a map. Each object can be distinctly seen, and even the sails and masts of

the light craft, far out on the horizon, are clearly marked.

Berkeley, when asked why he did not select this spot for the site of his house, replied, "To enjoy the prospect of the hill, he must visit it only occasionally; that, if his constant residence should be on the hill, the view would be so common as to lose all its charms."

George Berkeley, son of William Berkeley, was born at Kilcrin, near Thomaston, county of Kilkenny, March 12, 1684. At the county schools he received the rudiments of education, and at fifteen years of age he entered as a pensioner in the University of Dublin, where, at the expiration of eight years, he obtained a fellowship. At this time he published some of his writings, principally upon mathematical science. In 1709 he gave to the world his "Theory of Vision," and the following year he published the "Principles of Human Knowledge." In 1712 he was induced to enter upon the discussion of political theories, and to Locke's celebrated treatise the world is indebted for the sudden turn given to his writings. Berkeley's support of the banished Stuarts made him unpopular at the time, insomuch that Lord Galway represented him as a Jacobite, which unfavorable impression was only removed through the agency of his college pupil, Mr. Molyneux.

The writings of Berkeley early attracted considerable attention, and they soon became the subject of discussion and controversy. With Dr. John Clarke he had a controversy of a serious and protracted nature, and many years after, through the influence of





ALMY'S POND

Addison, the parties were brought together ; but they separated without a settlement of their dispute.

In 1713, Berkeley went over to London to superintend the publishing of his three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous, which brought him to the notice of the most celebrated literary men of his day. He became intimate with Steele and Pope, and at the request of the former, wrote several papers for the Guardian ; for each of which it is said he received a guinea and a dinner. He was introduced by Steele to the Earl of Peterborough, who took him as chaplain and secretary, when he received the appointment of Ambassador to the King of Sicily.

In 1724, Berkely was preferred to the deanery of Derry, with a living of £1,100. But new thoughts had found birth, and these filled his mind with visions of future usefulness. His heart was filled with the lofty and holy design of converting the savages of America to Christianity, by means of a College to be erected on the Island of Bermuda. The design once conceived, he arranged and drew up plans with full explanations, and solicited the influence of his friends to secure for these a favorable hearing. His feelings at the time found utterance in the verses so often quoted :

“ Westward the course of Empire takes its way.”

The project which Berkeley had so much at heart, is admirably set forth in a letter from Swift to Lord Carteret. In this he says :

“ Your Excellency will be frighted when I tell you all this is but an introduction, for I am now to mention his errand.

He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles and power; and for three years past, has been struck with a notion of founding a university at Bermudas, by a charter from the crown. . . . He showed me a little tract which he designs to publish, and there your Excellency will see the whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical,—I shall make you remember what you were,—of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries, where he most exorbitantly proposes a whole £100 for himself, £40 for a fellow, and £10 for a student. His heart will break if his deanery be not taken from him, and left at your Excellency's disposal."

The efforts to change the views of Berkeley were unavailing; and to carry out his plans, he sent in his proposals to King George I. The result is well known. On the 11th of May, 1726, it was voted in the House of Commons, "That an humble address be presented to His Majesty, that out of the lands in St. Christophers, yielded by France to Great Britain by the treaty of Utrecht, His Majesty would be graciously pleased to make such grant for the support of the president and fellows of the College of St. Paul's in Bermuda, as His Majesty should think proper." To this the King answered favorably, and Berkeley felt sure that the £20,000 asked for would be forthcoming. But the statesmen of the day thought differently, and before the great seal was affixed, the King died. Berkeley did not pause for this, but arranged his affairs with the full expectation of ultimately receiving the grant; and in 1728, having married but a month previous, he sailed for this port. Here he corresponded with his friends in England and Ireland on the subject of his grant. It then often required six months, and sometimes a year, to transmit a letter. He met with no encouragement, and after learning





GOOSEBERRY ISLAND LANDING.

that the land in St. Christophers had been sold and the proceeds distributed without regard to his claim, and having received the following reply from Walpole to Bishop Gibson's question in his behalf, he settled his affairs and returned to Dublin: "If you put the question to me as a minister, I trust and assure you that the money shall most undoubtedly be paid as soon as suits with public convenience; but if you ask me as a friend, whether Dean Berkeley should continue in America, expecting the payment of £20,000, I advise him, by all means, to return home to Europe, and to give up his present expectations."

The following tradition of the landing of Dean Berkeley in Newport, we extract from "Memoirs of Rhode Island," by the late Major Bull:

"The ship ran into the west passage, and came to anchor. The Dean wrote a letter to Mr. Honyman, [rector of Trinity Church,] which the pilots took on shore at Conanicut Island, and called on a Mr. Gardner and Mr. Martin, two members of Mr. Honyman's church, informing them that a great dignity of the Church of England, called Dean, was on board the ship, together with other gentlemen passengers. They handed them the letter from the Dean, which Gardner and Martin brought to Newport in a small boat, with all possible dispatch. On their arrival they found Mr. Honyman at church, it being a holyday on which divine service was held there. They then sent the letter by a servant, who delivered it to Mr. Honyman in the pulpit. He opened it and read it to the congregation, from the contents of which it appeared the Dean might be expected to land in Newport every moment. The church was dismissed with a blessing, and Mr. Honyman, with the wardens, vestry, church and congregation, male and female, repaired immediately to the Ferry wharf, where they arrived a little before the Dean, his family and friends."

Berkeley was charmed with Rhode Island, and in writing to his friends he describes it as "pleasantly laid out in hills and vales and rising grounds, and hath

plenty of excellent springs, and fine rivulets, and many delightful landscapes of rocks, and promontories, and adjacent lands." He soon became settled, and built Whitehall, in the valley below us, and to approach it we leave the main road to the left, enter a gate, and follow the path a few rods to the house—now fast going to decay from neglect, and the wear of more than a hundred New England winters.

The worthy dean found in Newport a society refined and elevated, whose pursuits were congenial to his tastes. With others, he soon formed a philosophical association, comprising the names of men distinguished in their day for their learning and liberality, and who ultimately laid the foundation of the Redwood Library.

Whitehall was given by Berkeley to Yale College, which still retains the fee, and he also presented that institution with a considerable portion of his library. Of his favorite resort, Major Bull thus speaks :

"During his residence at Whitehall he wrote his 'Minute Philosopher,' and his celebrated poem, so oracular as to the future destinies of America. These were principally written at a place about half a mile to the south of his house. There he had his chair and writing apparatus placed in a natural alcove which he found in the most elevated part of the Hanging Rocks, (so called) roofed and only open to the south, commanding at once a view of Sachuest Beach, the ocean and the circumjacent islands. This hermitage was to him a favorite and solitary retreat. He continued here about two years, perhaps a little longer. He was certainly here as late as September, 1731, as appears by a supplementary inscription on the tombstone of Nathaniel Kay, Esq., which is as follows, viz : Joining to the south of this tomb, lies Lucia Berkeley, daughter of Dean Berkeley, obit. the 5th of September, 1731."

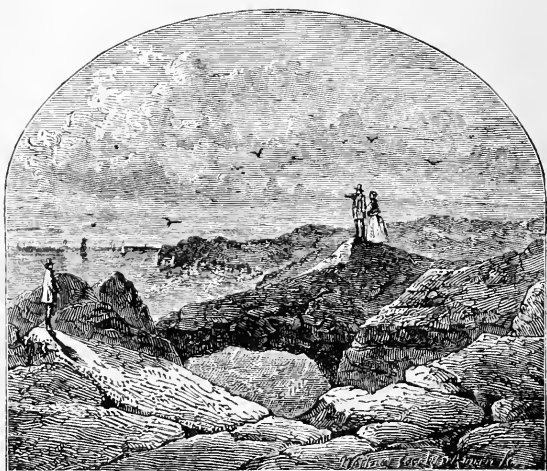
And it is recorded of him by another :

"His preaching was eloquent and forcible, and he always

had a large congregation. He was tolerant in religious opinions, and members of all denominations flocked to hear him."

After Berkeley's return to England, he presented Trinity Church with the organ, still seen in that edifice. A recent examination of the records of the town of Berkeley, Mass., has brought to light the fact that the name of Berkeley was given to the parish as a compliment to the dean, and that after his return to Dublin he caused a magnificent organ to be built, which he shipped to his agent at Newport, to be forwarded to Berkeley. The selectmen of the latter place, when they received the letter from the dean, called a town meeting, and it was voted that "an organ is an instrument of the devil for the entrapping of men's souls," and would have nothing to do with it. The vote was soon made known to Berkeley, who subsequently presented the organ to Trinity Church. The original case, of English oak, is still in use in the church, and it contains a part of the old works, with the addition of such new pipes as were found necessary when it was rebuilt a few years ago.

In 1753 Bishop Berkeley died at Oxford. He expired in his chair, of palsy of the heart, while his wife was reading to him a sermon by Sherlock. So easy was his death that some time elapsed before it was known to those around him.



SPOUTING CAVE.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRAINING SCHOOL.—WAR COLLEGE.—TORPEDO STATION.—EARLY BUILDINGS.—CHURCHES.—LIBRARIES.—MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

The City of Newport is situated on the southern portion of the Island of Rhode Island, from which island the State is named; Middletown and Portsmouth occupying respectively the middle and northern portions. The island is about fifteen miles in length and about three miles at its greatest width.

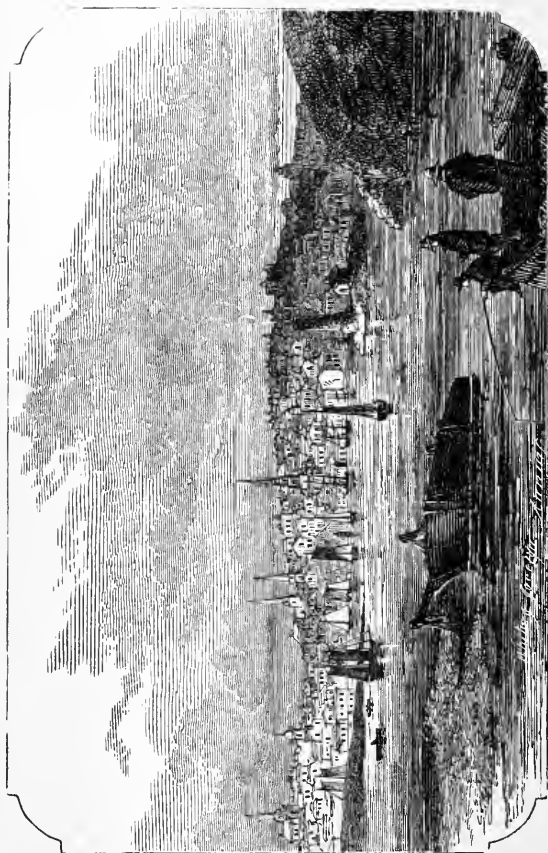
The harbor is all that could be desired. The Bay, of which it is a part, is studded with islands, the principal one of which is Conanicut now becoming well known as a summer resort. It is connected with Newport by a steam ferry. Between Newport and Conanicut is Goat Island, the seat of the Torpedo Station, and this has also constant steam communication. Just north of this is the island called Coaster's Harbor, occupied by the United States Government for the Boys' Training School and the War College. On Brenton's Point near the southwest end of the island is Fort Adams, where a portion of a regiment of troops is stationed. It was built as a part of a system of defence for Narragansett Bay. At the head of the Bay, about twenty miles to the north, is Providence, a flourishing manufacturing and commercial city, with a population of more than a hundred thousand. With its immediate neighborhood it contains half of the inhabitants of the State. On Cole's river a few miles

above the north end of the island is Fall River, the great Cotton City and the terminus of the Old Colony line of steamers.

The early history of Newport, which was in fact the history of the Colony, is sketched in the preceding pages with the story of its decay. Impoverished, and beaten down by the iron hoof of war, it was, in the early part of the century, but a wreck. Its efforts for recovery by manufactures and commerce were fruitless, and its growth has come from its unrivalled fitness for a Summer or even a Winter resort. Attractive by its climate and situation from its earliest settlement, it owes its position as the first of American Watering Places, more to nature than to art. The first foreign visitor was Verrazano, who spent the early part of the season of 1524 in its harbor. From Brenton's Cove, forming the southwestern part of the harbor, is a most beautiful view of Newport and the Bay. A rocky bluff of about fifty feet in height rises abruptly from the water. At one's feet is Fort Adams with its village of houses for officers and men,—its rocky battlements bristling with guns. Just beyond lies the Torpedo Station, while the ship or ships of the Training Station lie lazily at their moorings and the harbor and bay is dotted with steamers and sailboats. Jamestown, on Conanicut at the west, shows its rapid growth of summer hotels and residences. At the south is the wide Ocean in never-ceasing motion, with Narragansett Pier, Beaver Tail and Block Island far beyond. The Bay of Naples can be hardly more beautiful than this panorama on a summer's day.

Newport approached by rail or steamboat suggests, on landing, its antiquity. Narrow streets, quaint old houses of Colonial and ante-Colonial architecture show little of fashion or modern life. Shops dating back to the last century and houses dating still farther back,





NEWPORT FROM BRENTON'S COVE.

with stone chimneys and doors and porches of classic design, are still to be seen, although they are vanishing as modern ideas advance. The town of wooden houses suggests possible conflagrations, which though constantly predicted have not yet taken place. From this first view a visitor might conclude that it is not yet a "watering place." A walk through the old-fashioned thoroughfares where two wagons can hardly pass each other, leads to a new and very modern Newport where all the possible and even impossible styles of architecture present themselves.

One of the early buildings is the State House, built in 1741 from plans by Richard Munday. From its steps the Declaration of Independence was read in July 1776 and again in 1826 by the same person. During the Revolution it was used as a hospital by both French and English, and Washington was there entertained on his visit to Newport. In the Senate chamber is a full length portrait of the Father of his Country, by Gilbert Stuart. Another building worthy of attention is the City Hall. It was built for a public market and granary, and for many years past it has been used for a City Hall. In the rear of the State House is probably the oldest house in Newport, the Bull House, which has been partially modernized leaving the southern part with its original covering of plaster. Near this is the First Baptist Church, which (the church not the building) has claims to be the first Baptist church in America. On Touro Street near the Jewish Synagogue is an old building erected in 1726 by the Sabbatarian Baptists, the first church building belonging to that sect in this country. It is now the property of the Newport Historical Society, having in connection with it the room of the Natural History Society, both well worth the attention of visitors. From the pulpit of this building, still in its original condition, was preached

in 1739 the first centennial discourse by the Rev. John Callender. The Jews' Synagogue near by with the Cemetery a little distance beyond are maintained by funds left by the Touro for the purpose. The building on Mill Street occupied as an auction room was erected by the First Congregational Society under the pastoral care of the Rev. Nathaniel Clap in 1729. The Central Baptist Church on Clarke Street was erected by the Second Congregational Society in 1733 (?), its pastor being the Rev. John Adams. Over this church Dr. Ezra Stiles presided from 1755 until the Revolution scattered his congregation, after which he was called to the presidency of Yale College. The two Congregational churches united in 1834, and the freestone building on the corner of Pelham and Spring Streets is the home of the United or rather Re-united Congregationalists. Near it are the graves of Dr. Samuel Hopkins and Dr. William Patten once its pastors. The North Baptist or Second Baptist Church has a wooden building of the Gothic style near the north part of Thames Street. The Society was formed by a secession from the First Baptist. Trinity Church occupies its original building, and is a fine specimen of the architecture of the period, with square pews, sounding board, and beautiful groined arches as built in 1726. There are four other Episcopal churches,—Emmanuel in the southern part of the city, All Saints open only in summer, St. John's on the Point, and St. George's on Rhode Island Avenue, in the midst of the new growth of the city at the north. There are two Catholic churches,—one on Spring Street, a fine freestone building, and the other on Washington Square, formerly the place of worship of Zion Episcopal Church. Both have schools, parsonages and convents attached. Three churches, Baptist, Congregationalist and Methodist, are maintained by the colored citizens. The



BEACH AT CHERRY NECK.



Methodists have two churches, one of which, on Marlborough Street, built in 1806, enjoys the distinction of being the first of its denomination in this country that had a steeple and bell-tower. The Unitarians have a very tasteful stone building on Pelham Street, erected as a memorial to Dr. William Ellery Channing on his one-hundredth birthday in 1880. A Swedish church has a building on Annandale Road, and an unsettled church of the same nationality worships in the Episcopal Chapel on Church Street.

The Redwood Library is housed in a beautiful building on Bellevue Avenue and has a most interesting history. It is constantly growing in usefulness and value. It has always exerted a great influence, and has a choice, though not extensive, collection of books. The Free Public Library in its well arranged rooms on Thames Street has been established and endowed by the late Christopher Townsend, who with his sister did very much for the place of their own and their ancestors' birth.

From its settlement the principal street of Newport has been Thames Street, or as it was called the Main Street. Evidently laid out as a two-rod highway, it has gained nothing in width and now measures only about twenty-nine feet. It retains its old-time quaintness and gives the impression of belonging to a bygone age. Its shops have shed their old shutters and double doors with hanging shelves under the windows. Its roadway has been improved by the removal of its spine of pavings resembling good sized boulders,—but nothing will make it modern.

From its streets run eastwardly; some of them, still narrower, confirming the impression that the traveller has landed in an old continental city. After crossing Spring Street, which extends from Broadway to Bailey's Beach and is made a main artery by the electric rail-

road, we come, farther east, to a continuation of Touro Street—Bellevue Avenue, alive in summer and dead in winter. It ends with Ocean Avenue which then runs along the shore with wild and rugged scenery on one hand and the vast ocean on the other, till passing by the southern part of the harbor we arrive again in town, at the lower part of Thames Street. East of the town is the Bathing Beach where modern life and modern fashion is shown in full contrast with the work-day life of the old town. Narrow as are the streets they have had to furnish place, if not room, for modern conveyances, and an electric street-railway winds its way from the Mile Corner at the north to Morton Park on the south, and from Commercial Wharf to the Bathing Beach, and has already laid its plans for tracks to the Point; while omnibuses and hacks tender their services at all points.

Modern Newport contains specimens of every style of architecture and it would be difficult to select from the many residences, all deserving of illustration, those most peculiar and attractive. A few truly palatial residences have features that render them of much value to those interested in the architecture of homes.

A few years since Ochre Point, having then only the unpretending residence of Gov. Lawrence, was sold and divided. Miss C. L. Wolfe of New York was the purchaser of a large portion of it, on which she built a most beautiful and substantial house of free-stone, in every way suited to the location, and gave it the name of Vinland, making its interior a proper representation of the homes of those who gave a thousand years ago the name to a part of New England.





GOOSEBERRY ISLAND AND WHALE ROCK.

CHAPTER XIV.



WHARVES.—CLIFF WALK.—THE AVENUE.—OCEAN AVENUE.—
LAND TRUST COTTAGES.—JAMESTOWN.

But Newport has other claims than modern palaces and cultivated grounds. Let us pass from the brilliancy and splendor of luxurious leisure to the musings and dreams of the battered and decayed portions of Newport of the past. A visit to the wharves, once crowded with business, when vessels sailed the whole length of the harbor front seeking in vain an opportunity to get a berth, brings one much nearer to the heart of old Newport. Here, until a few years ago, could be seen the stand where slaves from Africa were exposed for sale, as well as the old vats of the

score or more distilleries where the rum for the purchase of these slaves was made, and the warehouses where goods were stored for shipment to Africa or the West Indies. The City Wharf occupies the ground where numbers of pirates were hung, and across the harbor is the Torpedo Station, once Fort George, or Fort Anne, or Fort Walcott, as either king or queen was in ascendancy. Sailboats glide through the harbor, steamboats laden with excursionists bound to the Beach, Block Island or Conanicut, come and go, and the whole air is redolent with the flavor of nautical life.

There are few places so conducive to dreams of years gone by as the wharves of an old town, where stranded and loquacious old mariners can be found to spin their yarns of danger, death or daring.

The visitor at Newport who desires to see its attractions, may well on his arrival at the Bathing Beach take the Cliff Walk, extending through private grounds from the Beach to the Boat House Gulley, a distance of two and three-quarters miles. It is accessible only to pedestrians, and possesses all the charms of Nature with enough of Art to make it attractive.

Leaving the Beach we pass along the Cliffs, fifty feet in height, with the Atlantic on our left, and on our right villas and grounds so beautifully arranged and maintained that the "Land is like the Garden of Eden" before him.

We pass by the Cliff Cottages through the grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Gammell, on by Narragansett Avenue and the Forty Steps, where the Goelet houses give an idea of the wealth and taste which has transformed farms into parks, and increased values almost a hundred fold. We pass by and over Ochre Point, which within a few years has been crowded with palatial residences, among them Vinland built by Miss Wolfe





SOUTH OF OCEAN AVENUE

and now owned by Mr. Louis Lorillard, the Breakers owned by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and back of these, beautiful specimens of architecture owned by Messrs. Van Alen, Wyson, Shields, Eldridge and others, all worthy of more than a passing mention. Along the cliffs as we proceed are the residences of the Piersons, Rogers, Jones, Fiske, Kernochan, and as we go on we pass by Belmont's, Bancroft's, who while living spent his summers in the very Rose Garden of America, and then on by the mansions of the Astors and Vanderbilts, in brick, marble and stone, all adding to the charms of Nature. It is useless to attempt descriptions of these country residences. Builders and owners pass away but their houses and lands remain, kept in order and beauty by constant changes and renewal, presenting scenery and beauties to make glad the heart of man, generously open to the view and enjoyment of all. No visitor can get a just impression of what it is that makes Newport the place which it is, unless this ramble is made a part of his experience. The glitter of equipages on the Avenue gives an impression of wealth and luxury beyond compare, but the Cliff Walk with the Ocean in its majesty, the gardens and lawns in their beauty and elegance, and the villas with their refinement and repose, make us grateful for so much of that Beauty which is a joy forever.

Bellevue Avenue, the peculiar street of Summer Newport, extending from Touro Street to Bailey's Beach, a distance of about three miles, is the Boulevard where Fashion and Elegance make their great display.

We have the old town, with its tradition and its history, cherished by its inhabitants with the tenacity of conservatism and age, and the most modern phase of wealth and fashion, which displays itself on the Avenue and in all the gaities of modern fashionable luxury and life, with elegance equal to that of Ancient

Rome or the French Empire, in the dignity of Country Palaces, serene in the assured possession of means and ability to compare with the nobles of the earth.

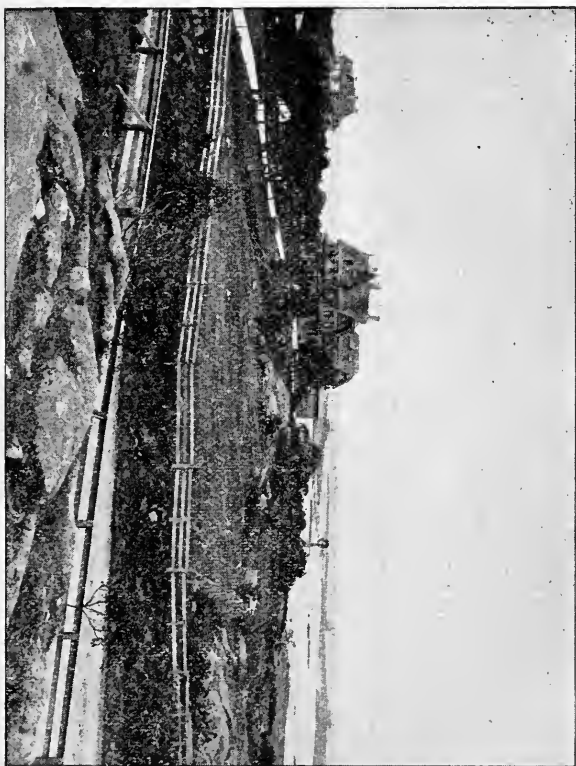
All these meet, in the Season, on the Avenue, and pass in scenic array each afternoon before the spectator.

A population devoted to amusement and relaxation, released from the cares of business and labor, is spending its holiday in the enjoyment of all that nature and art can furnish. Alas for poor Newport! it can hardly turn from the wondrous vision to the humdrum duties of every day life, and has consequently failed of success in enterprises requiring applicative economy and continuous labor. But *Vogue la galere*—and Newport gives itself up to the pleasure of the moment, and becomes no sturdier by the contact with all that earth can give of pleasure and joy.

The Avenue is lined with houses. Already those built within a generation are giving place to finer and costlier structures, and Bellevue has extended itself into Ocean Avenue, which from Bailey's Beach runs along the southern shore of the Island around by Castle Hill and back to the town through Harrison Avenue, making the well known Ocean or Ten Mile Drive.

Pedestrians seldom undertake this, but the Ocean in its Majesty well rewards the visitor who makes the excursion. The southwestern part of the island, hitherto known and appreciated by a few, is now being laid out with elegant roads winding through and over hills with precipices and valleys suggesting Norman McLeod's description of his "Highland Parish." What is known as the King Lands and the Hospital Property west of Lily Pond has been laid out from plans by Mr. Olmstead.

Ruggles Avenue has been made a main road to Ocean



"SEAFIELD," OCEAN AVENUE



Avenue and thus a new feature has been added to Newport scenery.

A number of houses have been built, and it is probable that a short time will witness an entirely new development and enlargement of available building property. To the east, too, of Bathing Beach the Newport Land Trust has begun a settlement. A number of cottages are already built and plans for extensive improvements already made.

A rapid extension of cottage and hotel life has been made, which is hardly a part of Newport.

Jamestown, a short distance across the Bay, has become a very popular resort. Large hotels are crowded with visitors. Houses are being erected by scores. The southern shore of the island has its villas and the problem of a new Summer Resort is being rapidly worked out. Its growth has been remarkable and bids fair to continue. It is so intimately connected with Newport by steamboats that it forms a suburb, bidding fair to rival the older resort in many respects. The sail to this place on a summer's day is a charming trip, giving a view of the Bay and the Ocean, while across the island one can take the steamer to Narragansett and continue on to Narragansett Pier, too well known to need more than a passing mention.



HAMMETT'S

DICTIONARY OF NEWPORT

AND ITS VICINITY.

Almanac. The first in Newport was the Rhode Island or Poor Robin Almanac.

Aqueduct Company was formed in 1802, to furnish water for family purposes from a fountain on Spring street. It was successful as to supply, but not as to profit. The fountain on the Parade is all that is left to recall its existence.

Artillery Company. Formed in 1741. Armory in Clarke street.

Asylum, on Coaster's Harbor Island, was built 1822. The Island was sold to the Government in 1881 and the Asylum is now located at No. 473 Broadway.

Banks. There are eight Banks in Newport. Capital aggregates \$970,000.

Savings Banks. Newport Savings Bank, deposits \$5,734,000. Coddington, \$756,000. Island, \$665,000.

Cooperative Association. Established 1888. Present capital \$30,000. Loans only on real estate or shares.

Battle of Rhode Island, August 29, 1778.

Beach, First or Bathing, reached by Street Railway from the Post Office.

Beach, Second or Sachuest, beyond Easton's Point. North of it is Paradise and the Hanging Rocks.

Beach, Bailey's, south of Almy's Pond at the end of Bellevue avenue.

Books, early. The first book written in Newport was Samuel Gorton's "Incorruptible Key," in 1647; then W.



BAILEY'S BEACH—"THE ROCKS"



Coddington's "Five Letters," 1649; John Clarke's "Ill Newes," 1652. All printed and published in England.

The earliest publications were two "Sermons" by N. Clap in 1715, and John Hammett's "Vindication," 1717; all probably printed in Boston.

Brenton House, Thames street, between Church and Mary, was probably built before 1700. Later, called the Channing House.

British Army under General Clinton took possession of Newport, Dec. 8, 1776. Evacuated 1779, after an unsuccessful siege by the Americans.

Burial Grounds. Common Burial Ground, Farewell street. North City Cemetery, Farewell street. Island Cemetery, Warner street. St. Mary's Cemetery, Warner street. Friend's Burial Ground, White street. Jewish Cemetery, Touro street. Clifton Burying Ground, Golden Hill street. Clarke Burying Ground, West Broadway. Coddington, opp. Second Baptist Church. Trinity Church Burial Ground, Church street. Coggeshall Burial Ground, Coggeshall avenue. Easton Burial Ground, near Second Beach; here the daughter of Roger Williams is buried. Collins Burial Ground on Bateman's Farm.

Business Men's Association Rooms, Thames street, corner Green. Incorporated 1886.

Butts' Hill in Portsmouth.

Casino, on Bellevue avenue. A fine building designed by McKim and Mead, with tennis courts and theatre to which is attached a club house.

Channing House, now Home for Friendless Children, School street, corner Mary. Here William Ellery Channing was born.

Charity Organization, formed 1878, when 336 families received public aid. In 1887, with an increase of 25% in population the amount of money called for was diminished \$2500.

Cherry Neck, south of Ocean avenue, part of Rocky Farm.

Cheseborough House, Mary street, built about 1720 on what was earlier the Sanford orchard. The owner protested against the continuing of Clarke street through his lands.

Churches :

Central Baptist Church, Clarke street. Church formed 1847. Building erected 1735 for the Second Congregational Church, of which Dr. Ezra Stiles was pastor for 20 years.

First Baptist, established by the Congregationalist settlers from Massachusetts and formed into a Baptist church 1644. Back of State House.

Second Baptist, North Baptist and Farewell streets. Formed 1656.

Shiloh Baptist, formed 1864. Corner School and Mary streets. Building formerly Trinity Church school-house.

St. Joseph's, corner Clarke street. Established 1880.

St. Mary's, Spring, corner Levin street. Building erected 1853.

Union Congregational, Division street. Organized 1824. House built 1871.

United Congregational, corner Spring and Pelham streets. First church formed 1695, organized 1720. Second church formed 1728. Churches united 1834. Present building erected 1859.

All Saints Memorial Chapel, Beach, corner Cottage street. Services in summer only.

Emmanuel, Spring street, corner Dearborn. Organized 1851.

St. George's, formerly Zion Church, Rhode Island avenue. Built 1880.

St. John's, Poplar street. Organized 1882.

Trinity, corner Spring and Church streets. Built 1726, in place of one built about 1702, the old building being given to a church in Warwick.

Kay Chapel, Church street.

Friends' Meeting House. First society established 1643. House built 1700. Farewell and Marlborough streets.

Jews' Synagogue, Touro street. Built 1763. Kept in repair by Touro Fund.

First Methodist, Marlborough street. Built 1805. Said to be the first Methodist church having a steeple and bell tower in the United States.

Thames Street Methodist, corner Thames and Brewer streets. Organized in 1856. Building erected 1866.

Mount Zion (M. E.), Bellevue avenue, head of Touro street.





LILY POND FROM ENTRANCE OF HAZARD ROAD.

First Presbyterian, organized 1888. Wellington avenue.

Swedish (M. E.), Annandale road. Organized 1886.

Channing Memorial (Unitarian), Pelham street. Building erected 1880.

City Charter. Newport was granted a City Charter in 1784. Charter repealed 1787. (See Easton's Beach.) Re-chartered 1853.

City Hall, corner Long Wharf and Thames street. Built for a market and granary, 1763. Peter Harrison, Architect, afterward used as a theatre. The land on which it stands was given by the Long Wharf Trustees. The cost £24,000 old tenor was to be defrayed by a lottery.

City Property. Value of Real estate \$477,000.00. Total property \$700,000.00. Total indebtedness \$313,000.00.

Cliff Walk, extends from the Beach, along the Cliffs, to Ledge road, and passes the residences of Mrs. Gammell, Robert and Ogden Goelet, L. L. Lorillard, C. Vanderbilt, F. Pierson, Fairman Rogers, I. Fiske, Mrs. C. O. Jones, J. P. Kernochan, A. Belmont, Bancroft, The Astors, Vanderbilts, Dr. Bell, Ingersoll, Hunnewell, Wales Cushing, F. W. Vanderbilt, "Finisterre" now owned by Mrs. H. M. Brooks, ending on Ledge road.

Coal Mines in Portsmouth where much coal of inferior quality has been dug. The mines are for the most part filled with water and disused.

Drives. Bellevue avenue. Ocean or Ten-mile Drive. East road to Slade's Ferry, 10 miles. West road to Bristol Ferry, 9 miles. Bliss road and Honeyman's Hill to Indian avenue. Across the Beaches by Purgatory, Hanging Rocks to Indian avenue.

Easton's Beach. About 1787 Nicholas Easton, claiming exclusive ownership of the Beach, prosecuted Giles Sanford for taking sand from it. The City defended the suit which was finally decided in favor of the City. Mr. Easton, in consequence of this decision, sent in a petition to the General Assembly, signed by 104 persons, asking a repeal of the City Charter which had been granted in 1784. This petition though opposed by another signed by more than 400 citizens, was granted and the Charter was taken away.

Excursions on steamboats to Providence; to Jamestown and to Narragansett Pier by ferries; to Narragansett Pier by steamer; to Wickford by steamer.

Edison Electric Station, Tew's court. Supplies the City street lights and power for the Street Railway and private residences. Office at Whipple & Derby's, Bellevue avenue.

The Endeavor. Captain Cook's ship in which he made the voyage around the world came to Newport about 1790 with a cargo of oil. When about to return to France, she was condemned as unseaworthy and left to decay. She was brought into one of the docks by one well known to the writer of this, where she was finally destroyed. A piece of the carving on her stern is still preserved as a memorial.

Fire Department, value \$64,985.00.

First House in Newport was built on Quaker Field, Marlborough street, and was burned within six months of its erection.

Fort Adams was completed about 1799, and in 1824 the present fort was begun. It was completed in about 14 years.

Fort Chastellux was built about 1781 on Halidon Hill south of Wellington avenue. It was afterwards called Fort Harrison and later Fort Dunham.

Fort Dumpling was built 1798-1800. Never finished or armed. It has also been called Fort Louis and Fort Brown.

Fort Greene, Washington street.

Fort Hamilton on Rose Island, 1798-1800, was never occupied.

Fort Walcott, now Torpedo Station, built soon after the settlement of the town.

Forty Steps at foot of Narragansett avenue on Cliff Walk.

Funds for Benevolence. Aid for the Aged, largely endowed by Christopher Townsend: expends nearly \$3,000 annually. Freebody Fund; land near the Ocean House. Robert B. Cranston Fund, for aid of aged or poor persons selected by Trustees. Fry Orphan Fund, income paid to Home for Friendless Children. Ellen Townsend Trust, \$18,000. Kane Poor Fund, \$2,400.

Newport Gas Light Company, 181 Thames street. Capital \$225,000.





THE GLEN.

The Glen. Private property about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Newport, on the East road. Open to pedestrians.

Goat Island. Purchased by the town of Governor Arnold, 1673. In 1794 the fortifications were transferred to the United States, and in 1790 the town sold the remainder of the island to the Government for \$1,500. The earth-work battery was mentioned in 1701 as Fort Anne, in 1730 as Fort George, in 1776 as Fort Liberty, in 1784 as Fort Washington, in 1798 as Fort Walcott.

Hacks and Omnibuses (see drives). Omnibuses for the Avenue at the boats, cars, and Washington square. Hacks near Redwood street and Touro Park.

Fare from northern part of city to Narragansett avenue, 50 cents, with additional 50 cents for first mile or part of a mile and 25 cents for each additional mile or part of a mile. Or to or from Bathing Beach by omnibus 15 cents. Hacks by the hour, first hour \$2, each subsequent hour \$1.50. Hacks drawn by one horse only, \$1.50 per hour.

Newport Historical Society, Touro street. Instituted 1853. Rooms open from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.

Home for Friendless Children, School and Mary streets, in the Channing house. Established 1877.

Hotels. Ocean House, Bellevue avenue Aquidneck House, Pelham street. Brayton House, Pelham street. Hartmann's, Bellevue avenue. Clifton House, Bellevue avenue, corner Prospect Hill street. Pinard's, Bellevue avenue, corner Redwood street. Central, Bath road. Perry House, Washington square.

Indebtedness of Newport, \$243,000. Sinking fund, \$26,000.

Industrial School for Girls, Broadway, maintained by the City.

Industrial School for Boys, endowed by Miss Ellen Townsend, in preparation.

Land, early division of. At the settlement of Newport a distribution of land was made among the proprietors, the divisions extending eastwardly from the harbor. To W. Coddington was allotted the portion between North Baptist street and the Parade; to Walter Clarke from the Parade to Mary street; to William Brenton from Mary to Church streets; to Robert Carr from Mill to a short distance be-

yond Pelham street and to B. Arnold a tract south of Carr's property.

Outside of the town, William Dyre owned west of Mi-antonomi Hill; William Coddington around Coddington's Cove; W. Brenton north of the Big Pond; John Clarke between Tanner and Warner streets; Nicholas Easton owned the Beach and the land west of it. From the Beach around the shore to Brenton's Point were the allotments of Brace, Brenton, Foster, Harding, Bull, Jeffrey, Coddington and Coggeshall. The exact boundaries are not easily determined. West of the Big Pond was the Commonage, and it is probable that the triangle on which stands the Soldiers' monument is one of the last portions of this division.

Lawton's Valley. A picturesque locality on the West road near which is an old earth-work thrown up during the Revolution. Six miles from Newport.

Lily Pond, about 30 acres in extent between Ocean Drive and Hazard road. Leased to the Arctic Ice Company.

Liberty Tree. At the north end of Thames street is the Liberty Tree Lot given in 1766, by William Read, to commemorate the opposition to the Stamp Act by the Sons of Liberty. The tree was destroyed by the British, and in 1783 a new one was planted on which was a copper plate with the names of the thirteen by whom it was planted. This tree died and a third has now been planted in its place.

Long Wharf, first built 1685. In the hands of Trustees who rent it to the O. C. Steamboat Company, using the income for building school-houses.

The Earliest Map in Newport was made by John Mumford 1712-13, not published until 1860 when it was printed as a corner map in a map of Newport with a part of Middletown. Two maps of the town were made in 1776, one by Blaskowitz and the other by Des Barres; both are military surveys.

No map of the town or island was published for sale until 1849.

First Grist Mill on Marlborough street, and the mill-stone was used for a doorstep until recently.

Mortality of Newport. Annual rate 14.5 per 1000 of population.

Newport Fellowship Club, 1754, and the name changed to *Newport Marine Society*, 1785.

Market House. First one was built on the Ferry Wharf in 1733

Masonic Fraternity. In 1658, the first three degrees were brought from Holland by a number of emigrants.

Masonic Temple, Church, corner of School street.

Miantonomi Hill, near Coddington's Cove, reached by Malbone avenue. From this is a beautiful view of the City and Bay Malbone Gardens were here, now the residence of Ex-Mayor Bedlow.

Morton Park, at the foot of Spring street. The gift of Hon. Levi P. Morton. It contains nearly 13 acres. On it is "Dead Head Hill" from which is a view of the Polo Grounds.

Natural History Rooms, rear of Historical Society Building on Touro street. Incorporated 1883.

First Naval Engagement of the Revolution between a colonial sloop and a tender of the British frigate "Rose." The tender was chased onto Conanicut shore, June 15, 1778.

Newport Hospital, Howard avenue. Incorporated 1873. Largely endowed by bequest of John Alfred Hazard's gift of real estate.

Newport Land Trust owns a tract of land on Easton's Point between First and Second Beaches.

Newport Reading Room, Bellevue avenue, corner of Church street.

Newport Water Works. Built by George H. Norman, the City giving him their right in Easton's Pond. Formed into a stock company with capital of \$750,000.

New Roads. The tract of land between Lily Pond and Castle Hill is largely the property of the Newport Hospital and the heirs of Edward King. Part of it was long known as "Big Swamp," visited by but few people. It was inaccessible except to pedestrians and is wild and rocky, resembling no other part of the island. Within a short time, under the direction of Mr. F. L. Olmstead, it has been laid out with well-built winding roads, and quite a number of sites are already occupied with buildings. No

part of the island affords equal opportunities for picturesque development. The Main roads from Ocean avenue, extending to Harrison and Bellevue avenues by a continuation of Ruggles avenue, are Brenton avenue and Hazard road. The whole scenery is charming in its combination of rocks and precipices, with views of the ocean on the south, while from its stony hills the harbor and bay may be seen on the north and west.

Newspapers. Rhode Island Gazette, the first in the State, published 1732-33. Newport Mercury, established 1758. Daily News, 1856. Newport Journal, weekly, 1867. Newport Observer, daily. Enterprise, weekly.

Ocean Drive, from Bailey's Beach along the southern end of the island, passing the Hospital and King lands and the houses on Castle Hill and Harrison avenue.

Odd Fellows Hall, organized 1864. On the Parade.

Oldest House in Newport. The Bull House, rear of State House, on Spring street.

Old Colony Railroad. Depot foot of Marlborough street.

Old Colony Steamboat Company. Depot Long Wharf, north.

Parsonage of the First Congregational Church, Division street. Mentioned in Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing."

Perry, M. C., statue. Commander of Japan expedition. The gift of his family. Touro Park.

Perry, O. H., monument. The hero of Lake Erie. By W. G. Turner. Washington square.

Pirates. Twenty six were hung at Gravelly Point, where is now the City Wharf, July 19, 1773.

Prescott's Head-quarters in Portsmouth about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Newport on the West road. The head-quarters in town was the house at the corner of Spring and Pelham streets, now owned by the Sayer family.

Price Neck, part of Rocky Farm. South of Ocean avenue.

Public School, established in Newport, Aug. 20, 1640. Probably not a free school. These were not formed until 1824.

Public Schools. Number of school houses, 9. The Potter and Willow street houses were built by the Long Wharf Trustees. Annual expenditures for schools about \$45,000.



HAZARD ROAD, LOOKING NORTH



Purchase of the island. The Island of Aquidneck was bought of Miantonomi and Canonicus, Nov. 22, 1633, by William Coddington and his friends, for 23 coats and 13 hoes.

Purgatory, Cliffs at the west end of Sachuest Beach.

People's Library, 260 Thames street. Free to all. Open daily. About 29,000 volumes.

Redwood Library, Bellevue avenue and Redwood street. Open to visitors from 12 to 2 p. m. Number of volumes about 36,000.

Rogers High School on Church street, built in large part from bequest of William Sanford Rogers and endowed by him.

Settlement of Newport, made first around the spring just southeast of the State House. From this spring a stream ran through Marlborough street to the cove.

Societies. Masonic, Odd Fellows, Beneficiary and others, about 90 to 100 in number.

Soldiers' Monument, by W. C. Noble. Broadway, on line of the Street Railway.

Spouting Rock, west end of Bailey's Beach.

State House at the head of the Parade, built 1739. In the Senate Chamber is a fine Washington by Gilbert Stuart.

Stone Mill, Touro Park. Date of erection unknown. (See page 27.)

Streets, expenditure for, \$54,000 annually.

Street Railway, from Commercial Wharf to the Beach, and to One Mile Corner north and Morton Park on the south, passing through Spring street.

Taxable Property of Newport. Real Estate \$25,356,900. Personal \$6,863,750. Total \$32,226,650. Amount of tax \$322,206.50. Rate of tax \$10 per \$1000.

Telegraph Hill, on Beacon road, so named from a telegraph erected there in very early times.

Telegraph Offices. Western Union, 320 Thames street, 170 Bellevue avenue. Postal Telegraph Company, 301 Thames street.

Telephone Exchange, 179 Thames street.

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Torpedo Station. Under the charge of the Navy Department. Has workshops and laboratories for the manufacture of gun-cotton, torpedoes, &c., on Goat Island.

Touro Park, between Mill and Pelham streets. In it are the Stone Mill, and statue of Commodore Perry of the Japan expedition.

Training Station for apprentices of the U. S. Navy. Stationed at Coaster's Harbor Island which was given by the City to the U. S. Government in 1881.

War College. Established at Coaster's Harbor Island and under the charge of the Navy Department.

Whitehall, formerly owned by Bishop Berkeley, north of Paradise road. Given by Berkeley to Yale College.



LIBERTY TREE.

J. G. G. G.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



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